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A
J O U R N E Y

F R O M

L O N D O N T O G E N O A,

T H R O U G H

E N G L A N D , P O R T U G A L , S P A I N ,
and F R A N C E .

By J O S E P H B A R E T T I ,

Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal
Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

V O L . II.

L O N D O N ,

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M D C C L X X ,

新編 金華縣志

卷之三十一

新編 金華縣志

卷之三十二

新編 金華縣志

卷之三十三

新編 金華縣志

卷之三十四

新編 金華縣志

卷之三十五

新編 金華縣志

卷之三十六

新編 金華縣志

LETTER XXXIV.

*Slowness of mules. Yago and Dom Manuela.
A desart. Estallages alias Stables. Fe-
male coyness. The conquering barber.
Fools and thieves.*

Vientasnuevas, Sept. 18, 1760.

GO late to bed and rise early, and a straw-bag will prove as comfortable as any matrass. I have slept five hours on that straw-bag; and as to the vermin of *Aldeagallego* they only put one in mind of the *Pasquil-makers* at Rome, or the *Monthly and Critical Reviewers* of England, who would do mischief if they had power.

It was near seven this morning when I stepped into a chaise drawn by a stout pair of black mules. The *Caleffeiros* were

obliged to shackle that of the shafts, because he is *a new mule*; that is, a mule who never was between the shafts. The moment they let him loose he ran as if his intention had been to perform in a day the task of a fortnight. Yet mules are like other people. They will begin an undertaking with a great show of vehemence: but their ardour soon abates and languor ensues. The mule soon ceased galloping; so that Batiste in the other chaise, and a Dominican Friar in a third, soon overtook me, and the three vehicles slowly following each other, in about six hours time brought us to a place called *Peagones*.

But before I go a step further I must bring you acquainted with my good friends the *Caleffeiros*. One of them is a Portuguese named *Dom Manuelo*, the other a Galician plainly called *Yago*, without any *Dom* or *Don*. Which is the greater rogue I cannot as yet determine. A shop-lifter was once hang'd in England

whose phiz bore some resemblance to that of *Yago*, and I remember a fellow in the gallies at *Villafranca* who had just such a crooked nose as *Dom Manuelo*. They may be very good men, said *Kelly* when he saw them first, but beware of *Caleffieros*.

As there are neither post-chaises nor stage-coaches between the capital of Portugal and that of Spain, those who do not chuse to go on mule-back or a-foot from either town to the other, hire such voitures as ours, which are pretty well hung and tolerably neat; but so leisurely drawn on by the mules, that a man lately used to the post-chaises and flying-machines of England, has time enough to exert his patience.

During the two first miles I saw the land all covered with vines on each side of the road. Then the scene changed, though not for the better, and a country begun which called back to my memory the description given by *Lucan* of *Cato's*

journey to *Utica* through the sands of Africa. To say the truth, I did not see as I went on any *asp*, *cenchrus*, *hemorroid*, *chelyder*, or any other serpent: but in all other respects *Lucan's* verses might do as well for the country I crossed to-day. A heavy, deep, and wide-stretched sandy plain, thinly scattered with low bushes, and here and there a small thicket of fir-trees.

A little after twelve we reached the above-named *Eſtallage* of *Peagones*, fifteen miles from *Aldeagallega*. It is with great reason the Portuguese call their inns *Eſtallages*; that is, *Stables*. There is room enough in them for mules, asses, and other quadrupeds: but there is no room at all for the reception of such bipeds as I.

They say that *Peagones* was formerly a considerable town, nor have I any difficulty to believe it. But time ran away long ago with that town, and together with its name has left but two buildings behind: which two buildings cannot

properly be called *houses*, as they do not resemble any thing that goes by that name in other countries, having scarcely any roof or cielings left, but brick-walls full of such large holes, that kites and vultures might easily pass through.

At that where we stopped, a kind of landlady offered us a mess of chick-peas and some salt-fish by way of dinner. The chick-peas seemed seasoned with rank oil, and I think that the fish has been salted after it was rotten. What a smell! It would have poisoned the Trojan horse! Yet *Yago* and *Dom Manuela* fell ravenously upon both dishes, while Batiste, the friar, and I, made shift with madam *Kelly's* provisions. Nor did we want a desert, as, while I was running away with the *new mule*, my two mess-mates had stopped at the vine-yards, and filled a basket with excellent grapes.

At *Peagones* we rested full two hours; then paced it again for twelve or thirteen miles more (still through the sandy desert

like so many *Cato's*) and came to this *Vientasnuevas* where we are to pass the night.

During the whole afternoon we met with no living creature, except a small flight of birds, half a dozen sheep, with a goat, and two men following three wretched asses heavily loaded. As to rivers, ponds, springs, or any other sort of water, none is to be seen from *Aldeagallega* here, look which way you will. Pleasant travelling! An incessant mournful singing of the *Caleffeiros*, accompanied by the incessant tinckling of the mules' bells, together with an incessant sun hotly reverberating from the incessant sand through an incessant solitude! But what encreases the delight of such a journey are those charming *Eftallages* where you stop to bait at noon and to sleep at night.

How long I am to enjoy these manifold blessings I cannot precisely tell, as I never crossed this country before. But this I know, that I have weakly yielded to a foolish

foolish spirit of curiosity when I came to visit the Portuguese kingdom. However, let us go on without losing our temper. A man needs but have patience, and time will put an end to any distress. Soon or late we shall make a fire of the straw-bag, and the hour will come when my journey through the province of *Allemtejo* will be a good story to tell. If I fret now, I shall then blame myself for having fretted.

Just by this wretched village of *Vientasnuevas*, there is a royal country-house that was built, they say, by *Philip III.* King of Spain, when Portugal belonged to his crown. It is one of the longest edifices that ever I saw, but has nothing remarkable besides that great length. The back-windows command an extensive prospect over naked stones and sandy plains. The King of Portugal never comes here, as he has other country-houses much better built and situated. The Dominican Friar tells me, that about twenty leagues further his Majesty has another rural man-

sion called *Villa Vizosa* very well worth a visit ; but to go and see it, would force me to stay a day more in Portugal, which I am loath to do. Of my journey through this dismal region, though it is but begun, I am already quite sick.

At the several *Eſtallages* where I have alighted ; that is, at *Cabeza*, *Mafra*, *Cintra*, *Peagones*, and here, you cannot conceive how I was teased by begging women. There are always some that come about you with a simpering look ; hope you have had a good day's journey ; wish you may live a thousand years ; then ask you something to buy themselves *Alfileres*, that is, *Pins*. Comply with the first demand, and they have a second ready. Please *Vossa Senhoria* or *Vossa Meſſé* to give me something for a little babe I have at home. Well : here is for the little babe. But pray, good sir, give me something for my dear mother, for my younger fister, for my cousin, for my niece. There is no end of their languid coquetry and of their

their demands, especially if the wenches happen to be somewhat young and slighty. At *Peagones* one of them came in while I was at dinner, and first begged for some pin-money as usual ; then for a loaf of bread ; then for a bit of the pasty ; then for the wing of a fowl ; then for a slice of cheese ; then for a bunch of grapes. Having complied with each demand, she sat down by me on the floor and ate heartily : then returned to the attack and smiled prettily again, and asked for some more money. Well : take this, sweet *Senhora*. Have you enough now ? Oh *Senhor*, *Vossa* *Messé* *he tam querido* (*Sir, you are so gentle*) that I hope you will give me that little trunk to put my things in. Matchless impudence ! A new trunk covered with Russia-leather ! But give me this fan. The weather, sir, is so intolerably hot ! For this reason I must keep it : but come next winter, sweet mistress, and you shall have it. I verily believe, had I given her

an eye, that she would have asked for the other.

Take this as a specimen of female Portuguese coyness. As for the *Eftallageiros*, *Caleffeiros*, and in general all men of low condition, they will speak to you uncovered; but always with a familiar smile on their faces, nor do they appear at all bashful or timid. In *Lisbon* I sent once for a barber. The fellow came with a handsome simper on his plump cheeks. Sir, I give you joy of your safe arrival in Portugal, said he, while placing the napkin under my chin. Then asked leave to take a pinch of snuff out of my box. While he was shaving he informed me of many things of which he supposed me ignorant, as, that in Portugal the weather is very hot; that there are figs and grapes in abundance; that there is likewise plenty of fish because the sea is near. His razors, he said, he always got from *Barcelona*, because in Portugal they make none good.

He

He stopp'd when the right side of my face was done, and asked me what opinion I had of his countrymen ; and upon my answering that as yet I knew them not, being but just come, he seized that opportunity to inform me that *os Portuguezes sam muito valerosos*, and, flourishing with his Barcelona-weapon, added with a lofty tone that the Spaniards tremble at the name of the Portuguese, and that one Portuguese is sufficient to put to flight half a dozen Spaniards : nor was I fully shaved before he had quite conquered both the *Castiles*. Of such rodomonts I am told that Portugal has even a larger number than of idlers, which is saying a great deal.

Neighbouring nations have in general a strong antipathy to each other: but that of the Portuguese to the Spaniards (I speak of the Portuguese rabble) is carried to such a degree that borders upon madness. The reason is obvious. What chance the Portuguese have of conquering Spain is next to nothing; and people will always

always hate those who must sometimes be fought against without any hopes of final victory. On the contrary were the Spaniards to be left unmolested by the other European powers, Portugal would soon be theirs if they had a mind; and for this reason I suppose they despise the Portuguese so much, as proverbially to say of them that they are *few and foolish*, *Portugueses pocos y locos*. How far this Castilian saying is just, let those determine who know the Portuguese better than I.

If I am to believe *Yago*, there are thieves enough in this country. As I was getting this morning into my chaise I asked him why he had no step to let down, that I might mount with less trouble. *En esta tierra furan todo*, answered *Yago*; that is, *in this country, people steal every thing*; and so they had broken and stolen the step of his chaise. *Avis au Lecteur*, said I to myself. Hark ye, Batiste: mind what *Yago* says, and take particular

care

care of our things, at least until we are out of *esta tierra*.

L E T T E R XXXV.

An adventure in a wilderness. Names of great towns. Uselessness of lies. An honest curate. Pack-saddle stuff to invite sleep.

Arrayolos, Sept. 19, 1760.

I BELIEVE that of Portugal several parts are very fine : but amongst them we must not reckon any of the forty miles I have crossed yesterday and to-day, which are little less than a continued wilderness.

In this wilderness, however, I have met this morning with as pretty a love-adventure as any in *Amadis de Gaula*, or *The Prowesses of Splandiano*, and was within an inch of having a battle with two knights for the sake of a lady.

I had scarcely raised my weary limbs this morning from my straw-bag, when

a dirty woman (call her a fair lady for romance-sake) entered my room without any previous message or embassy. I presently knew her for that same wench who last night had gotten some pieces of money out of me by dint of importunity; that is, one piece for herself, one for her little girl, another for her little boy, and still another for another little boy or girl.

On seeing her again, I presently guessed at her errand, and raising my voice hastily and peevishly, *Teneos, said I, otros muchachos y muchachas, cara de puta?* That is, *Have you got any more boys and girls, you frontless hussy?*

I wish I had never uttered the *cara de puta*; because the wench (the fair lady, I mean) ungratefully forgetting my repeated kindness of last night, and hating perhaps to hear truth as well as her betters, broke out into such a terrible vociferation, that her cries brought directly upstairs two barefooted rascals, (for romance-

mance-fake we will call them knights) who, hearing from her I had called her *cara de puta*, looked so sternly at me, and opened their discourse with such a tone of voice, that I thought it necessary to draw a short pistol out of my pocket and cock it.

So unexpected a reception, and the few sweet words I uttered with a tone full as high as theirs, filled the two heros with such a panick, that they sprung out of the room, and tumbled on each other down stairs along with the woman. Batafite was with me in less than a moment, and brandishing his shining hanger, gave me an opportunity of rushing down, not to follow the two men, but to leap into my chaise; and before they or the heroine had time to recover from their sudden terror, the mules had trotted half a league from *Vientasnuevas*: and this was the glorious end of that frightful encounter.

We dined at a town called *Montemór*, where the Dominican Friar left us to go another

another way. We parted very great friends, as he had been pleased with the share he had had of our English victuals, and I much obliged to him for his staying a while behind at *Vientasnuevas* to quiet the woman, and hinder the bravos from following my chaise. We came to pass the night here at *Arrayolos*. What fine polisyllabical names in this Portugal! *Arrayolos*, *Peagones*, *Vientasnuevas*, *Aldeagallega*! One would think they are names of great capitals.

At this *Arrayolos* we found so perfidious an *Eſtallage*, that I looked quite dismayed. I sent Batife to try if he could induce the ſuperior of a neighbouring conveſt to give us a lodging for this night, offering a fair number of masses for the poor souls in purgatory. But the pitiless friar did not chufe to have an Heretick under his roof. Foolish Batife, to give me importance, had told him that I was an English *Fidalgo*; and the importance which I got by his lye, was the appellat-

appellation of *Heretick*. Never did I see any body prosper by petty lies. Yet servants and the ignorant rabble never will be persuaded of their uselessness. I sent likewise to the curate, who, far from proving so hard-hearted as the Friar, put himself to the inconvenience of coming to me through the rain that fell copiously, only to assure me that he absolutely had no spare-room. Not satisfied with so pretty an act of politeness, he went to show Batiste another *Eftallage* that had a floor and a roof, and thither I had my things presently carried after a short but warm altercation with the first *Eftallageiro*, who thought it a great affront that I should leave his house for that of another in order to avoid sleeping under a cieling that admitted the rain. Did he not sleep there himself with his wife and children? Surely we are as good Christians as any *Eftrangeiro* !

After supper I fell a-writing, and thus I divert every night that ill humour which

otherwise might make me mad on reflecting what an error I committed when I resolved to come and visit these dismal *Arrayólos* and *Montemórs*, these *Peagónes* and *Aldeagallégas*!

From *Vientasnuevas* hither the country is not so flat as from *Aldeagallega* to *Vientasnuevas*. At some distance from the road on either side, there are some small hills with a few trees. All the houses in *Montemór* are painted white, which makes that town look very neat: but by what I could see as I strolled about it while dinner was making ready, there is not an inhabitant there that has an opulent look.

The earthquake has not done any great damage to *Montemór*; and no wonder, as the town is built after the Chinese manner. I mean that the best part of its habitations have but the ground-floor. This *Arrayólos* I could not visit because of the rain. If I do to-morrow, I shall tell it at night.

A POSTSCRIPT, at four o'clock in the morning, Sept. 20, 1760.

I thought myself very lucky last night when by means of the honest curate I got intelligence of this *Eftallage*; and my comfort was great when, entering this room, I saw in a corner a heap of matrasses that had a tolerably clean appearance. Batiste, said I, do not fill the straw-bag to-night; but form me a bed out of half a dozen of these matrasses. Take notice, said he, that each matrass here is considered as a *cama* or *bed*, and you shall pay for as many *camas* as you make use of. No matter for that, said I: it is an odd custom this; but still, do as I bid you: and when the time came of lying down I undressed with as much hurry as Ruggiero when he alighted from the Hippogryff with the fair *Queen of Catajo*. But alas! The matrassas which in other countries are filled with wool, here are filled with a kind of pack-saddle-stuff as hard as stones. Such penitential couches no

Anchoret ever had in the desarts of
Thebais.

LETTER XXXVI.

No botanist. Masquerades and their various wit. Pictures drawn with the pen. Pretty dancing. A proclamation.

Estremór, Sept. 20, at night, 1760.

THE robber's wife does not always laugh, says the proverb, nor does he always cry who travels through Portugal. I have to-night something pleasant to tell after so much pain endured. But, that I may proceed methodically, I must begin my story from my setting out this morning.

As I crossed *Arrayolos* I saw an old castle on an eminence, the battlements of which are all broken.

The hills that surround *Arrayolos*, look very well at a distance. As far as *Vienta do Duque* you see many green-oaks scattered here and there, and even some olive-

trees

trees in the lower parts of those hills. At ten we reached that *Vienta do Duque*. *Vienta* in Portuguese (as *Venta* in Spanish) means *an habitation that stands alone in the midst of the country for the reception of travellers*. To that called *Do Duque* I have a notion that famine and wretchedness repair very often. Why such a lodgment is dignified by the appellation of *the Duke's* I cannot guess. Perhaps it was the lurking place of *Duke Gano*, the famous traitor in *Charlemaine's* days (according to *Pulci*, *Boiardo*, and *Ariosto*) that used to side with the Kings of Spain and Portugal, who were then Mahometans, against his lawful sovereign who was a Christian.

To that *Vienta* we alighted to eat some of our provisions, which (as it is customary in this country) we then paid to the *Venteiro* as if they had been his. After dinner, without waiting for the *Calesseiros* who had not done gnawing the bones of a lean rabbit, I went onwards a-foot, and

had slowly walked two leagues before the mules could overtake me. The sun proved very hot, and would have burnt me alive, but for a soft breeze that tempered his ardour. Going through by-paths I took notice of several plants which as far as I can remember do not grow in England, nor perhaps in Italy. However I am not positive. Amongst others, a small-leaved sort of rosemary in great quantities, that has a most pleasing smell, and a stinking kind of herb which feels as viscous as a rag dipped in tar. What a pity not to be a botanist when a man travels a-foot! Signor *Allione* of Turin and doctor *Marsili* of Padua, were they apprised of my journey, would envy me the good luck of wandering about the desert in the neighbourhood of *Vienta do Duque*. In England I used once to walk about *Chelsea* garden with Doctor *Marsili*, and often asked him the name of this and that plant, but forgot them as soon as heard, having unluckily missed in my younger days to .
habí-

habituate my mind to this sort of recollection: so that I cannot now register here the name of the viscous and stinking plant, which I was afterwards told is used by tanners instead of bark.

From the height of each hill that I mounted successively, I could imperfectly see something on another distant height that appeared like a range of buildings. I look'd and look'd as I advanced, and at last knew it to be a fortified town. To him who goes for three live-long days through such a wild region as this, sees nothing but such places as *Peagones* or *Vienta do Duque*, and meets with no body but two or three asses, goats, and sparrows, you cannot conceive how the sight of a town proves rejoicing.

About four we were at the gate of *Eſtremor* (such is the name of the fortified town) where a little officer coming boldly up to the chaise-side, asked me with a peremptory tone of voice *O Paſſaporte*: and it was lucky the British Am-

bassador had been so good as to procure me one from *Dom Luis da Cunha*, otherwise the little fellow would have taken me to a jail. You cannot even go from Lisbon to one of the neighbouring country-houses but by a passport from that secretary of state without incurring the danger of being imprisoned. *Todas as pessoas que quizerem sahir da corté e cidade de Lisboa, seraõn obrigadas a tirar passaportes*, says an edict published here on the 19th of last August; that is, “every person going out of this town, shall be obliged to provide himself with a passport.” Such is the jealousy of this government, and such is the consequence of wicked Aveiro’s treacherous attempt.

On entering this town of *Eftremór* I saw several hundred masks, a group of which surrounded my chaise hallooing, roaring, and playing anticks. Many things they spoke with a squeaking voice that I did not understand, but suppose they were witty. The noise drew the women,

women to their windows, and I was pleased to see them laugh no less than the men in the streets. I look'd at them through my glass, and they did not seem to take offence at my way of looking. Our Italian ladies are in the wrong when they angrily clap their fans before their faces if look'd at through a glass, as if the beholder was a basilisk. It is not my fault if I am near-sighted, and I do not see why I am more to be deprived of the blessing of looking at the fair than those who have good eyes.

The women at their windows and the masks in the streets, all laughed their full, and I with them for company. At the *Eftalláge* I was taken up stairs into a room, the floor of which was so cracked, that I could see the folks below through several chinks, and its windows had shutters as usual, instead of glass. I look'd down in the square before the *Eftalláge*, and there were masks in abundance. One was dressed like a bear, and one like a monkey.

One

One wore horns on his head, and one had a tail hanging behind. One had tied his cloak round his waist petticoat-wife, and one wore stockings of different colours. Some had the *Golilla* after the Spanish manner, some large breeches after the Swiss. Some shook the castanets, and some played on the guittar. Several stooped down in a row that others might jump over them, and several ran round the square, throwing their hands and legs about like madmen. Two of them came under my window and raised up their long sticks, on which they had fastened wooden parrots ill-shaped and ill-painted: then laughing most immoderately, cried to me *Monsù, Monsù*. What their parrots or their cries meant, I cannot tell, but think that this is one of their witty ways to turn the French into ridicule, and they probably mistook me for a Frenchman. Many showed their humour by pulling off their hats to me and bowing to the ground with a mock respect. In fine they made

them-

themselves very merry at the expence *do Estrangeiro.*

Batiste returned with my passport from the governor, to whom he was ordered at the town-gate to go with it. A kind of gentleman came with him (sent by *his Excellency*) who was to take down the marks that distinguish my figure from those of my fellow-creatures. That gentleman sat himself down at a table, pulled a bit of paper and an ink-horn out of his pocket, and bidding me to stand up before him, looked at me several times. I suppose that he registered down the most remarkable parts of my person, noted the plainness of my face, the colour of my hair, the size of my nose, the smallness of my eyes, the height of my body, and other such things. The same ceremony he performed with Batiste; then marched off with much composure after having clapped in my hand a permission for us to go out of *Estrémor* to-morrow. None of this petty policy in England,

and

and yet it is a pretty well-governed kingdom.

To such methods every foreigner must submit. There is a rigid law, published in Lisbon on the 26th of last June, which orders every master or captain of ship not to land any body on Portuguese ground without giving previous information to a magistrate newly created (called *O Intendente geral da polícia da corte e do reino*) of the quality and profession of the people whom he is to land. Should he neglect to give it, he would be liable to have his ship confiscated and himself subject to such punishment as that Intendant general thought fit. Captain Bawn landed me without conforming to that law, and no body gave him or me any trouble, possibly because English packets go under the denomination of ships of war, and their captains are considered as exempt from the laws of other countries. However, had I been apprised of that law, I would certainly have gone to acquaint that

that *Senhor Intendente geral* of my arrival, in order to avert all possible molestation. Strangers who enter this kingdom by land, are by that law subjected likewise to many troublesome formalities. But this government, like all others, has a right to enact what laws are thought proper, and it is a traveller's business to obey them rather than find fault with them.

When the gentleman was gone that had painted me with his pen, I put myself in some order and went about to see the town. Its houses are all small and low, and all white-washed like those of *Montemór*. I met with masks at every step, and none would let me go by without a mock-bow. A number of them stopp'd in a street where some ladies sat in a balcony, and there they began a dance. A young fellow amongst them singularly attracted my attention, and indeed that of the whole company with his nimble capers and graceful motions. I have already seen the Portuguese dance

in *Lisbon*, and to give them their due, no nation (of those that I have seen at least) has any dance performed by two persons, so exhilarating as their *Fandango*. The *Trescone* of the Tuscans, the *Furlana* of the Venetians, the *Corrente* of the Monferrines, and the *Minuet* or the *Aimable* of the French, are flat performances in comparison of that gallant one which I saw executed before that balcony by that young man and a boy dressed in woman's cloaths. But dances cannot be described by words, nor can I convey to you any idea of the *Fandango*, but by telling you that every limb was in such a motion as might be called with propriety *a regular and harmonious convulsion of the whole body*. I have heard a French-master in *Lisbon* blame it much, and say it was no dance at all: but what dance will be approved by a Frenchman that is not a production of his country? He has no idea of gracefulness but what is practised on the opera-stage at *Paris*.

The inhabitants of this country as well as the *Andalusians* and the *Granadans*, were famous for dancing so far back as the times of the Romans, and their young women used then to go and dance at Rome and in other parts of the Roman empire, where they easily captivated the hearts of consuls and proconsuls, as the female dancers of France go now to Italy, Germany, and England to enamour *Sig-nors*, *Minheers*, and *Mylords*. *Martial* mentions with satirical peevishness the *Betick* and the *Gaditan* female-dancers; and the eldest *Scaliger*, somewhere in his poeticks, says something of the dancing anciently used in the provinces that lie this way. You are lucky, my brothers, that I travel without a *Martial* and a *Scaliger*. Had I their books, I would not let this opportunity slip without making as great a waste of erudition as our *Bartoli* the antiquarian does so often.

The dance being over and the masks dispersed, I went to visit the two princi-

pal convents in the town, but saw nothing worth noting in either. Only from some windows of the Augustine there is a prospect over some hills pretty well ornamented with trees, which one of the friars called *the finest prospect in the world.*

As I was returning home I met with another masquerade; nor was it difficult to know it for a military one. The soldiers of the garrison had disguised themselves as well as they could with handkerchiefs, towels, and cloaks. Some of them had ornamented their hats with abundance of hen-feathers: Yet the men of war broke through the disguise. Their pipers and drummers made a horrid noise on their instruments.

As the whole masquerade came to the square, one of them (a corporal or serjeant, as I thought) commanded a halt and a silence: then read in a loud tone of voice a proclamation, which ordered the inhabitants of *Estremór* to mask and be merry for a whole week in honour of the *Prin-*

cess of Brasil who about two months ago was married to her uncle *Dom Pedro*.

I could not well comprehend the whole import of that proclamation, in which the King, Queen, Princess; and *Dom Pedro* were repeatedly named, along with the blessed Lady, St. Anthony, St. Francis, the friars, the nuns, the peace and liberty of the kingdom, the masks and the dances, with I know not what.

Night at last came on, and I went to a splendid supper which Batiste had got ready, to make himself amends for the poor dinner we had made at the *Vienta do Duque*.

I go now to stretch my limbs on the straw-bag: but I have seen a joyful masquerade, and am pleased. I wanted to know why these rejoicings were delayed so long after the marriage, but no body could tell me.

After some debate with myself I have at last resolved to go to-morrow to *Villa Vizosa*. This will keep me a day longer

in Portugal : but what signifies an inconvenience that will be over in a day ? It is therefore probable that my letter of to-morrow night will prove pretty long. Yet you are not to thank me for the length of my letters, as I write rather to divert the disagreeable effect my disagreeable journey might produce on my spirits, than with a view to prove instructive or entertaining. It is to this necessity that you will owe the knowledge of a thousand trifles and a thousand remarks, which I let flow from the pen, though I am pretty sensible of their unimportance.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

*A military custom. Whiskers. A palace.
No travellers expected. A hog-sty.
Fine dancing and fine eyes.*

Elvas, Sept. 22, 1760. in the morning.

VAIN have proved the efforts I made to procure a copy of the proclamation that was read the other day at *Estremor*, and you must do without the translation, which I intended to give you as a specimen of the Lusitanic eloquence, had I been able to get it. I offered a pretty piece of money to a poor soldier, on condition he could obtain it for me from his corporal. But nothing can be done when we have no time to spare.

Yesterday morning at five I was awaked by the drummers and pipers of that garrison, who came to wish me a good journey with a noisy march on their instruments; that is, to get a little drink-

money: a custom introduced here by military poverty, which shines forth through the ragged coats of this wretched infantry. Indeed the poor fellows have nothing about them that may be called good, except their whiskers. If they were better dressed, such bushy and curled scare-crows would have a fine effect. It was once usual for soldiers in all countries to wear that virile ornament; and I know not why it has been left off, as a thick pair of whiskers gives a most intrepid air to the followers of Mars.

I am told that the troops kept up in this kingdom, amount to no more than eight thousand; and if the private men are all like those whom I have seen at *Estremór* and *Lisbon*, there is nowhere in Europe an equal number that look so wretchedly (*a*).

(*a*) *I have been lately informed that the effective troops in Portugal amount now to twenty thousand; that they are all pick'd men, all very well dressed, and full as well disciplined as the Prussians themselves. The last unexpected war has forced the Portuguese government to form and keep up so considerable an army.*

The

The greatest part of them are absolutely in rags and patches, and in *Lisbon* many of them asked my charity not only in the streets, but even when they stood centinels; nor did their officers appear to any great advantage when I saw them on duty before the wooden edifice, (see vol. I. p. 160.) though they visibly endeavoured to put on a martial look and set their legs in postures of defence. As to their generals, it is said that not one (*b*) has the least repu-

(*b*) In a spirited reply given by the King of Portugal on April 5, 1762, to a memorial presented by the Spanish Ambassadors, there are the following words.

“ Foi precisamente necessario prezervar sua ma-
 “ gestade fidelissima o seu real decoro contra os
 “ clamores dos seus vassallos, e contra as criticas
 “ que em toda a Europa redundavam, até encherem
 “ as mesmas novas publicas ; sabendo todo o mundo
 “ que em Portugal não havia generaes nem officiaes
 “ que tivessem experientia das campanhas, mandou
 “ convidar para o seu serviço o Lord Tyrawli;
 “ assim como se praticou sempre neste reino, e se
 “ praticou agora a respeito de outros diferentes of-
 “ ficiaes, não só Ingлезes, mas de todas as outras
 “ naçōens da Europa, para disciplinarem as tropas
 “ Portuguezas,

tation for military skill. But we must not wonder at the great neglect of this government with regard to the army. This country is so situated, as to be almost quite out of danger of any war, if they keep but fair with Spain; and Spain is possessed of too many dominions to think much of this. The Portuguese navy, they say, is in much better order, having sailors in good plight and commanders of great capacity.

In English thus. “ It was incumbent on his most faithful Majesty to take care of his own honour against the clamour of his subjects and the censures of all Europe, which were even conveyed to the public Gazettes. It is notorious to the whole world that in Portugal there are neither Generals nor Officers of experience. Therefore the King invited Lord Tyrawli (*thus is this name spelt*) to his service, and the same has been done with regard to other officers who are not all English, but of other nations of Europe; and it has always been the custom in this kingdom so to do whenever it was thought proper.” *This ingenuous confession does great honour to the Portuguese ministry, in my humble opinion.*

I went

I went yesterday morning to *Villa Vizosa*, which is not far from *Estremór*, and sent from the *Eftallage* a message to the *Sceriffe*, begging the favour to have the palace shewn me. *Sceriffe* they call the gentleman, to whose care that palace is entrusted; and a very polite gentleman he is. He sent a man to me with the keys, and met me at the gate.

My visit did not last long, because there is but little to be seen. In a great hall there are portraits of Kings and Queens. Some cardinal virtues are painted in the cieling of one room, and Hercules fighting the lion in another. Indifferent performances, this last especially. There is nothing surprising in the disposition of the apartments within, no more than in the architecture without, which at the first glance looks Gothick, though not so at the second, being a bad *Tuscan* or *Ionick*, I have already forgot which. The furniture is rather mean than old, and there are a hundred houses at *Genoa* in-

comparably better. However we must not consider it as a royal villa. It was not built by any King, but by an ancient duke of *Braganza*, from whom his present Majesty is descended; and during the time that Portugal was only a province of the vast Spanish monarchy under the successive reigns of three Philips, *Villa Vizosa* was one of the country-seats of the *Braganza* family. No person of the royal family ever goes there, except sometimes *Dom Pedro* for a few days, and on such occasions he does not lodge in the palace, but in a small house adjoining, which I am told is elegantly fitted up. The most remarkable thing I saw there, are some old lamps and candlesticks, in what they call the Royal-Chapel, which are of pure silver and heavy enough. Before *Dom Pedro's* house there is a small and neglected *parterre*, and behind the palace a large kitchen-garden very well stocked with fruit and legumes. The village adjoining is likewise

wife indifferent, and on a neighbouring hill there is a citadel whose walls are tumbling down into the ditches like those of *Estremór*. Many Roman coins, inscriptions, and other antiquities, have been found in this place. In short, the *Sceriffé* is the best thing there, and I am much obliged to him for his urbanity. He was so good as to give me leave to cross the park with the chaises to shorten the way. That park runs round several miles, but looks more like a wilderness than a park. There are some few deer in it, which *Yago* and *Dom Manuelo* took great delight in frightening with their vociferations and claps of their whips.

Having got out of the park we came (up and down many rugged and pathless hills) to this town of *Elvas*, or *Yelvas*, and reached it late at night. About a league from it an aqueduct begins, which made me almost forget that magnificent one over the valley of *Alcantara*. What I saw of it appeared very grand, and had it

it not been too late I would have stopped and taken more notice of it. They say it is a *Moorish* work. If it is true, it does them much honour.

Elvas, like *Efremór*, stands on an eminence. It is fortified after the modern fashion; but the fortifications are going to ruins. Happy Portuguese that want neither fortresses nor soldiers !

Out of the gate at which we entered, there was a great concourse of people. I asked the reason of it, and was informed that a fair is this week kept there for horses and black-cattle. On both sides of the road there were many cloaths spread by way of tents, and the ropes which supported them, crossed the road in such a manner, that we had not a little to do to pass under them with the chaises. The merchants who had erected those temporary conveniences, expected not that any carriage would come that way, as it is but very seldom that they see a traveller going by, either towards *Madrid*

or

or towards *Lisbon*; therefore they had made no scruple to embarrass the road.

On seeing so many people my heart misgave me, as it occurred immediately that no room should I be able to get at the *Eftallage*: nor did my conjecture prove wrong, which puzzled me the more as it began to rain very hard. However plucking up a courage and trusting to the laced-coat I had put on to visit with decency the palace at *Villa Vizosa*, and taking it for granted that the *Eftallageiro* would be better pleased to give a room to a laced stranger than to some bare-footed native, I had him called at his gate as I alighted, and mustering up all the Portuguese I possibly could, represented to *Sua Meffé* in a very serious and pathetic tone of voice, that *Sua Meffé* could not refuse me a room in *Sua Meffé's* house, if *Sua Meffé* would but consider that I had an ample passport (I pull'd it out) from his most faithful Majesty; subjoining that I hoped *Sua Meffé* had too much

much good sense to oblige me to go and carry any complaint against *Sua Messé* to the governor, who I was sure would compel *Sua Messé* to be hospitable to a foreign *Fidalgo*.

This nonsense, delivered with a slow monotonous sound of voice, procured me many advocates with the *Eftallageiro*, as perfect a tatterdemalion as ever was seen; and a dealer in cows who stood by, had sagacity enough to find, that I had an undisputable right to push out of the place any body I pleased, and put myself in the stead, upon the mere strength of my passport. Such is the power of rhetoric even on dealers in cows.

But the fact is, that the *Eftallageiro* wanted only the colour of a reason to act in favour of my coat; and partly with good, partly with bad words, forced a poor ass-driver out of a closet, which any sow might have mistaken for her mother's habitation. Poor ass-driver! Drink thou the little money I gave thee, to make thee

thee some amends for the great injustice I was indirectly guilty of, when thy profound quiet was disturbed ! Have patience for this time, and reflect that although the greatest part of the modern poets be but comparable to thy beasts in point of genius, yet when it pleases fortune to put a little lace on the coat of any one of them, not only asses must give him the wall, but even ass-drivers get out of hog-ties to make room for him !

With that apartment I was obliged to put up and be thankful. Batiste found some mats, which he laid on its floor ; then turned his thoughts towards getting me a supper.

A man would be ridiculous, should he dream of any eatables ready at any *Etablissements*. No such customs in this country. But little did we care, as we had a turkey in store ready for the spit, a Lisbon-ham, and other things. Lisbon-hams are in high reputation, and it has long

been decided by connoisseurs in epicureism that they are still superior to those of *Bayona* and *Westphalia*.

I was shewn up stairs into a kind of gallery, which opened into several rooms full of people. This gallery was spread with men who slept wrapped up in their cloaks. As I advanced amongst them I felt the floor shaking : and as my head has been filled with earthquakes ever since I reached Portugal, it occurred on a sudden that the ground was shaking ; but presently was sensible that the concussion was caused by my moving along that ill-constructed floor.

As I was walking and waiting for my supper, some young muleteers came out of the side-rooms. One of them began to tickle his guitar, and another produced a song to the tune. They had scarcely gone on three minutes with their performance, when the sleepers started up, while more than thirty people came out of those side-rooms ; and a dance

a dance was begun. A man cut a caper by way of reverence to a woman, and the woman advanced immediately to dance the *Fandango* with him. There is no possibility of conveying to you any just idea of their hilarity, nimbleness, and elasticity. There were four Spanish and six Portuguese females. Out of the ten I took only notice of three. One was a brownish girl called Teresuela, whom I soon found to be the best singer of them all. The other two were sisters; the younger so renowned in the towns around for a beauty, that she goes under the appellation of *la bella Catalina*. The eldest is not so handsome, but has such eyes! What a pity the comparison of the stars is no more in fashion!

The dresses of these women were all gaudy, especially the Spanish, who are come from *Badajós* with some male friends to see Elvas-fair. I must repeat it, that I have seen various dances from *Parenzo* in *Istria* to *Derby* in *England*;

but none of them is comparable to what I saw here to-night. It is true that their gestures and attitudes are sometimes not so composed as one could wish : yet, if I was possessed of the abilities of Martial, instead of running down the *Fandango* and the *Seguedilla*, which I suppose were the dances he satyrized, I would write a thousand epigrams in praise of them, of *Teresuela*, of *Catalina*, and most particularly of *Paolita*, who has those eyes I mentioned ! Oh this *Paolita* !

Both the *Fandango* and the *Seguedilla* are danced either at the sound of the guittar alone, or the guittar accompanied by the voice, which is an advantageous addition when the guittarist happens to have a good voice. Both men and women, while dancing, give a double clap with their thumbs and middle-fingers at every cadence, and both dances (the *Fandango* especially) are rather made up with graceful motions and quick striking

ing of their heels and toes on the ground, than with equal and continued steps. They dance close to each other, then wheel about, then approach each other with fond eagerness, then quickly retire, then quickly approach again, the man, looking the woman steadily in the face, while she keeps her head down, and fixes her eyes on the ground with as much modesty as she can put on.

I had slept but poorly for three nights together, and was so much tired with this day's journey, performed a-foot for the greatest part, that I was just debating whether I should, or not, go supperless to bed. But this unexpected feast changed my thoughts instantly, and instead of going to rest, I stood there gazing with my whole soul absorbed in delight.

The fellows who but a moment before were sleeping on that floor, without the least ceremony, or the least shame of their rags, danced away with the gaudy, as

well as with the dirty women (for some of them were dirty enough); nor did any of the company show the least partiality to age, to dress, or to beauty, but all seem'd to dance merely for dancing-sake. I was a little surprised to see a shabby rascal take up so clean a girl as *Teresuela*, who was the finest of them all, and look sweeter upon her than any *petit maître* would at *Paris* upon a rich and tender widow. This would not have been allowed in any of the countries I have visited, where the ill-dressed keep company with the ill-dressed, and the fine with the fine, without ever dreaming of such mixtures as are practised in this part of the world.

In a corner of this gallery there is a large table. Upon the table the cloth was laid, and my supper placed. There I sat down to eat without ceremony or shame in my turn.

Having almost done, Batiste put before me a large English cake made by
Madam

Madam Kelly. This cake I cut up into slices, and placing them pyramidically upon a plate, I went to present it round to the ladies, paying them a Castilian compliment that I had been a quarter of an hour in composing. Each of them with the most disembarraff'd countenance picked up her slice, some with a bow, some with a smile, and some with a kind word.

The cake being thus disposed, I turned to the gentlemen (muletteers, ass-drivers, and all) and calling them *Fidalgo's* and *Cavallero's*, invited them to drink the health of the *amables Baylarrinas* (*amiable she-dancers*) which they all did with the noblest freedom and greatest alacrity; and much was the general joy encreased by this sudden piece of outlandish manners. Several of them, who till then had scarcely deigned to look on the *Estrangeiro*, or seemed afraid to speak to him, now shook him by the hand, and each had some-

thing to say to me either in Spanish or Portuguese.

To the ladies after the cake I ordered glasses of water, because I knew that to offer them wine would have spoiled all the good I had done, and the offer construed into a gross affront; in such esteem is sobriety amongst these people. One of them who was with child, sent to ask a slice of the ham, and her example was followed by the rest.

About midnight the dance was interrupted by a bonfire which was out of the town in honour of the *Princess'* marriage. We all went to see it from a bastion : but to my great satisfaction the rain spoiled it, so that we came back to the *Estallage* where the dance began again with a greater fury than before, and lasted two hours longer. *Catalina*'s sister, together with the best eyes had also the most pliant body and the nimblest heels, and being willing (as her significant looks told me)

to repay me my little civility to her company, danced a dance without a partner, and displayed so many graces in it that never was my poor heart in so imminent a danger.

When she had done, I clapped hands with such violence, and was so powerfully seconded by *Batife*, *Yago*, and *Dom Manuelo*, that the spectators were forced out of their customary phlegm on such occasions, and with a most formidable shout of applause gave her the reward she had so well deserved. A young *Fidalgo* took then her place, and displayed his surprising agility, clapping thumbs, cutting capers, and throwing his body into a thousand picturesque attitudes. *Teresuela* then gave us some *Castilian* songs, her voice so sweet, and her manner so easy, that it would have done honour to the best of our theatrical queens. Fair *Catalina* sung likewise, but not so well as her friend.

When they had done I sent word to *Paolita*, that I should be obliged to her if she would favour me with a copy of her sister's last song. This I did, not only because I had liked several things in that song; but also because I wanted to try whether it was possible to enter into some conversation with her, and see whether her sense and wit bore any proportion to her eyes. The answer she returned was, that she would not fail to send me a whole book of songs the next day at the *Posada* (the *Inn*) at *Badajoz*, as next day they were to go there as well as myself.

To make this request I had employed one of the company, who by his familiarity with her I judged a proper messenger. But, brother, couldst thou not go to her, and talk to her thyself? No, I could not. Had this been feasible, I had not waited for your encouragement. In these regions the manners are

are different from those of England, France, and Italy; and I can assure you that I would have given I know not what for the satisfaction of interchanging a few words with that *Paolita*, whose eyes in the fortieth year of my age I could hardly resist.

It was near three when an end was put to the feast, and each went to lie down on the ground. Yes, all on the ground, some on mats, some on straw-bags, some on the naked floor, all without taking off their clothes, *Teresuela*, *Catalina*, and her black-ey'd sister not excepted. All on the ground after the manner of the golden age.

I was the only person that did not do like them. My spirits had been so raised by this unexpected pleasure, that having not the least inclination to sleep, instead of going to my couch I called for pen and ink, and have now been full three hours writing this account. It is broad day, and I am still here in this

quaking gallery, which I expected every moment to go down : and it had been a singular adventure if the muletteers, ass-drivers, caleffeiros, the brownish girl, fair Catalina, her sister, and every male and female there, had tumbled all in a confused heap into the story below.

It rains now very hard ; and as every body round me is asleep, I will go and try if I can get some rest. The next station to *Badajóz* is but three short leagues, and I don't care how late I set out this afternoon.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Love-matters, white cows, a cardinal, an old friend, and a Portuguese letter.

Badajóz, Sept. 22, 1760, in the evening.

IT is lucky that I am going from these regions. Were I to make the least stay, I should infallibly grow mad, though I am old enough to be wise.

Yes :

Yes : was I to tarry here ever so short a time, my philosophy, which has bravely withstood for ten years the repeated hostilities of British beauty, my poor, my silly, my contemptible philosophy would surrender to a power I am ashamed to name. But let me follow the thread of my story with my usual method.

It was nine o'clock this morning when I had not yet closed my eyes. The sight of dancing and the hurry of writing had inflamed my mind too much. I got up and went into the shaking gallery, where several of the men were eating salt meat and pickled olives with the four Spanish women. An odd breakfast, I thought. The women bowed and smiled as I entered, and the men invited me to do as they did, which I declined. People say that the Spaniards constantly breakfast on chocolate. Perhaps they do when they are at home ; but here the general report was effectually contradicted.

After breakfast they had another touch at the *Fandango* in compliment to me, having seen how much I had been pleased with it: a piece of Spanish civility that should not pass unnoticed. But while some were thus dancing, others were shaving in the same room. This in other countries would be deemed an intolerable want of manners; but here it is nothing. These people live truly *sans façon*, or to say better, *à la Tartare*.

That short dancing being over, the women would go to mass though it continued to rain hard. The Spanish women, it seems, like the Portuguese, love to hear a mass every day in the year: The Italian only on Sundays and holidays, especially when young. They went accordingly to fetch their *mantillas*; that is the *white veils* with which they cover their heads and the upper part of their bodies. I need not tell you, that during the night I had looked rather too often at *Paolita's* eyes, and that she had given

given me clearly to understand several times, that she was not displeased at the preference I gave her to the brownish *Terefuela*, and even to her own handsome sister: and, since I am about it, I may as well tell you, that when we went to see the bonfire, some body in the dark gave me a slight pinch in the arm, and ran her hand against mine.

Well, both men and women quitted the gallery and went to church. But they had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs, when back returns *Paolita* to fetch a glove. The steps she mounted with such celerity, and stood before me so unexpectedly, that I almost lost my sight in the surprize. *Dios te dea mil años de bien, Eſtrangero*, said she, throwing up her veil and speaking in my ear. I had no other answer ready but a kiss on her right eye, and another on her left; and before I could recover my thoughts, off she was flown.

She

She is gone ! and has left me, I cannot tell in what condition ! What business had she to forget a glove, or to come back and wish me well ! I wish her well too, and with a thousand hearts if I had them : but I am a mere traveller in this country ; and, what is worse, I have already travelled beyond my fortieth year. Why then did she think of her glove ! Oh ye Seneca's, ye Boetius's, ye sages all, whose pages I once read with some attention, I humbly beg your pardon for having read them, as I now find, to very little purpose ! A glance, a pinch, a nothing, has proved stronger than any dozen of you, and has instantaneously thrown topsy turvy that vast collection of wisdom, which I have been making for years and years out of your volumes ! But let me think of her no more, and go on with my narration.

The long vigil had made me resolve to set out late, and thus I left *Elvas* at three in the afternoon. The rain continued

nued pouring. Having gone on about two hours, we crossed a torrent called *Caya*, which is the boundary on that side between Portugal and Spain. Though that torrent may be passed with a dry foot almost the year round, it was now so swollen by the rain, that it washed the bellies of my mules; so that I lost all hopes of having the songs that *Paolita* had promised, seeing plainly that the asses on which the two sisters are to ride back to *Badajóz*, will not be able to wade the *Caya* to-night. But see! Here she is again. Begone, girl, begone! I will think of thee no more. I am forty years of age!

My thoughts had not been agreeably employed from *Elvas* to that torrent: Yet I felt a flush of joy as I reached the opposite side of it. Portugal at last was behind me, and the *Calefferos* (no more *Caleffeiros*) assured me that travelling would now prove much better. No more *Estallages* in Spain, but *Posadas*.

No more lying on the floor and upon mats and straw; but in *camas altas* stuffed with wool, and *sábanas limpias cada noche*; *si usted quiere*; that is, high beds and clean sheets every night at choice.

Badajoz, anciently *Pax Augusta*, is a fortified town built on a small eminence about a league from the *Caya*. We entered it by a stone-bridge over the river *Guadiana*. That bridge is one of the longest and most magnificent I have as yet seen. Were it a little wider it would do honour to the *Thames* itself. 'Tis the favourite evening-walk of the *Badajozians*. I was much pleased on my reaching the *Guadiana* to see along the bank opposite the town a large herd of milk-white cows. Their number amounted to no less than five hundred, which is more than *Allemtejo* and the *Extremadura Portugueza* contain. At least I can aver, that I did not see one from *Aldeagallega* to *Villa Vizosa* inclusively. At *Elvas* indeed I saw a few: but that

that was because of the fair which was kept there. Where do the Portuguese get those many bulls they slay in the amphitheatre at *Campo Pequeno* on sundays ? and where the oxen that draw their creaking carts, or the butcher's meat that is eaten in their metropolis? I suppose they have some province on the western-side of the Tagus more fertile than the two above-named, and abounding in pastures.

At the north-end of Badajoz-bridge there is a gate flanked by two round stone-towers or dungeons. Behind that gate I was welcomed to Spain by two fellows, whom at first sight I mistook for two Jesuits, as they were both covered with black cloaks that reached the ground, and wore flapp'd hats on their heads. But their errand to me made me presently sensible that they were custom-men. They begged I would order the Calefferos to drive to the *Aduana* (*Custom-house*) where my trunks were opened and

and searched; but not in the savage manner that is practised in England, where a rude scoundrel discomposes all your things without any discretion, unsows even your coats, if he has the least suspicion of lace concealed between the lining and the cloth; and when he has vexed you much, extorts from you some shillings as a reward for his coarseness and brutality.

This, amongst numberless other, is an inconvenience which dishonest travellers have brought upon the honest. The gross of mankind are thieves; and many of them are perpetually endeavouring to defraud sovereigns of their rights by what is called *smuggling*. Those who are deputed to levy these rights, cannot read honesty or dishonesty in the faces of goers and comers, and distinguish the smuggler from the gentleman: Therefore they put every body indistinctly to the trouble of being searched. These searches are more or less rigorous in this
and

and that state. In England they are quite insufferable. There I have been often shocked to see even ladies treated with an indecency that the roughest Barbarians would be ashamed to practise. The Spanish government, it seems, acts with more generosity in this respect than the English, and does not think such contrabands as travellers may conceal in a trunk, an object of much attention, or a diminution worth minding of the public revenue.

The *Posada* of *Santa Lucia* where I alighted, is not much better than a Portuguese *Establecimento*. However its walls are sound, the roof not cracked, and the floor not paved with pebbles like a street. Here, as in Portugal, the windows have no panes, but only shutters, which exclude the light if you exclude the rain, the wind, or the cold. No drawers, wardrobes, or looking-glasses. Here, quoth Batiste, such pieces of furniture are not *à la mode comme en France*. Here the

chairs totter and the tables are greasy, exactly as in the *Eſtallages*. But the *Camas altas* are something that the *Eſtallages* had not; and as to this *Señor* (no more *Senhor*) *Posadero*, we should be the best friends in the world, was I to fix my residence in *Badajoz*. He plays upon the guittar better than any body I have as yet heard, and his civility is equal to his ſkill in muſic. He would play while I was ſhaving *para desenfadar a Uſted*, ſaid he; that is, *to divert me the while*. Could he push politeness further?

As soon as alighted I diſpatched Baſtie with a note to Cardinal *Acciaioli*, informing his eminence of my arrival, begg ing leave to be admitted *al bacio della sacra porpora*, and to offer my ſervice for Italy, whither I was going forthwith. While I waited for an answer, a gentleman riſhed into my room and threw his arms about me before I was aware, crying *ben trovato, ben trovato*. I stared, and look'd, and knew him not. How?

Don't

Don't you know your old Milanese friend *Merosio*? Ah Doctor, is it you? Indeed it was himself, one of the favourite companions of my youth. He had met with Batiste in the street, whom he had known in Lisbon. What do you here, Batiste? Sir, I am with my old master Mr. Such a one, and we go to Italy. What? My old friend from Turin? Yes, Sir, he is of Turin. If you are his friend, step to the *Posada*, and you will see him. This proved a delightful surprize to the Doctor and me, as you may well imagine. We asked each other numberless questions in a moment, and could not recover from the amazement of such a *bell' incontro* in so remote a corner of the world as *Badajoz*.

The cardinal, to whom my name happened not to be quite unknown, sent me word that he would be glad to see me, and to him I went with *Merosio*, who is his physician. He received me with affability, and seemed much pleased at the

pleasure that sparkled in the eyes of two friends who had unexpectedly met on the banks of the *Guadiana*. There I passed a most agreeable evening, and Portugal, Rome, and England furnished us with topics of conversation for five hours. With his eminence there is a young *Monsignore* his nephew, and several other Italian gentlemen, all heartily tired with their long stay here, and all wishing to exchange it for Rome. *Badajóz*, they say, is no very cardinalian residence. Excepting the governor *Conde de la Roca*, and two or three officers of the garrison who have seen the world, there are no people in it much fit for conversation. The Badajozians, who perhaps never saw a Cardinal within their walls ever since they were built, pay his eminence a sort of respect, that approaches adoration, or *idolatry*, as he termed it himself, which he returns with numberless benedictions whenever he goes out. But this interchange of kindness

ness does not mend matters with him, and his days pass on in languor rather than in quiet. And how does he pass the nights? Happy we, obscure mortals, who have nothing to disturb our sleep, but the hardness of a matrass, and a thought of *Paolita!* It is not always a bad thing to be an obscure mortal, and below the notice of Kings and Popes.

I need not tell you by what accident a man of his importance was brought to this town. The public papers have informed you of the treatment he met at Lisbon, and how roughly he was driven from thence with all his retinue. I was bold enough to ask him the reason of it. I verily think, said he, that those who did it, know it no better than myself. An order was brought me in writing to quit Lisbon in an hour; but the fifty soldiers who brought that order, did not allow me a minute. Their commander hurried me into a boat without giving me time to shut my writing-desk, made

me cross the *Tagus*, and saw me to the *Caya* in four days. On the road I had no bed, and scarce any thing to eat; and all this without my knowing why. But come to see me when I am in Italy, and then I will tell you more. Here, added he with a smile, I must be a great politician, and hold my tongue.

To-morrow I intend to do as I did to-day, and go no more than three leagues. I shall pass the whole morning with my friend, who, like a true Milanese, grieves at his master's situation, though he knows no more of his affairs than myself.

I will end this with the letter written by *Dom Luiz da Cunha*, Secretay of State to the Cardinal, and sent by the officer that was to accompany him so far as the *Caya*.

“ CARTA.

“ Que de Ordem de S. Magestade escreveo o secretario
“ de estado *Dom Luiz da Cunha* ao Cardinal Acciaioli
“ para sahir da Corte de Lisboa.

“ Eminentissimo e reverendissimo Senhor.
“ Sua Magestade, usando do justo, real, e
“ supremo

“ supremo poder, que por todos os direitos lhe
 “ compete, para conservar illeza a sua au-
 “ thoridade regia, e preservar os seus vas-
 “ sallos de escandalos prejudiciaes á tran-
 “ quilidade publica dos seus reinos: Me
 “ manda intimar a Vossa Eminencia que logo
 “ immediatamente á appresentaçāo desta
 “ carta haja Vossa Eminencia de sahir desta
 “ corte para a outra banda do Tejo, e haja
 “ de sahir via recta destes reinos no precizo
 “ termo de quattro dias.

“ Para o decente transporte de Vossa Emi-
 “ nencia se achaō promptos os reaes escaleres
 “ na praya fronteira á caza da habitaçāo
 “ de Vossa Eminencia.

“ E para que Vossa Eminencia possa entrar
 “ nelles, e seguir a sua viagem e caminho,
 “ sem o menor receyo de insultos contrarios á
 “ protecçāo que Sua Magestade quer sempre
 “ que em todos os cazos ache em seus domi-
 “ nios a immunidade do carácter de que
 “ Vossa Eminencia se acha revestido: Manda
 “ o dito Senhor ao mesmo tempo acompanhar
 “ a Vossa Eminencia até a fronteira desse

“ reino por huma decoroza e competente es-
“ colta militar.

“ Fico para servir a Vossa Eminencia com
“ o maior obsequio. Deos guarde a Vossa
“ Eminencia muitos annos. Paço a 14 de
“ Junho de 1760. De Vossa Eminencia
“ obsequiozissimo servidor,

D. LUIZ DA CUNHA.

In English thus.

“ A LETTER,

“ Which by order of his Majesty Dom Luiz
“ da Cunha Secretary of State, wrote to Cardinal
“ Acciaioli, that he may forthwith depart from
“ the Court of Lisbon.

“ Most eminent and most reverend Sir.

“ His Majesty, making use of the just,
“ royal, and supreme power which he has
“ all sorts of right to, that he may keep
“ inviolate his royal authority and pre-
“ serve his subjects from such scandals as
“ might prove prejudicial to the public
“ tranquility of his kingdoms, orders me
“ to let Your Eminence know, that, on
“ your

“ your having this presented to you, you
 “ quit immediately this court and cross
 “ over to the opposite side of the Tagus,
 “ to depart strait from these kingdoms
 “ within the term of four days.

“ For the decent transport of Your
 “ Eminence, the royal barges will be
 “ ready before the house inhabited by
 “ Your Eminence.

“ And that Your Eminence may en-
 “ ter them and continue this journey
 “ without the least fear of insults con-
 “ trary to the protection which his Ma-
 “ jesty on every occasion grants in his
 “ own dominions to the immunity of
 “ the character invested in Your Emi-
 “ nence, the said lord orders at the same
 “ time that Your Eminence be accom-
 “ panied so far as the frontier of this
 “ kingdom by an honourable and com-
 “ petent military escort.”

“ I am at Your Eminence’s service
 “ with the utmost obsequiousness. God
 “ guard Your Eminence many years.

“ From

“ From the palace, June 14, 1760. Your
“ Eminence’s most obsequious servant,

“ *D. Luis da Cunha.*”

LETTER XXXIX.

A lesson to itinerant writers.

Badajoz, Sept. 23, 1760, early in the morning.

LAST night I had the curiosity to read over all those of my letters that have Portuguese dates: then ruminating a while on their contents, “ Well, said I to myself, let us suppose that you should take into your head some time or other to print these letters, what do you think that people would say to them? You know, Mr. Traveller, that, before he ventures to press, every considerate man ought to ask himself this question twice. Therefore give me leave to ask you again, what will people say to your work when it is printed?”

Self-love answers without hesitation, that every mortal will be glad of this publication. That the most busy men and the most attentive women will quit their affairs as well as their pleasures to enjoy so delightful a performance. That all will unite in chorus to extol the elegance of my language, the rapidity of my style, the variety of my thoughts, and the justness of my remarks. That every body will call me a pleasing painter of material objects, consider me as a skilful indagator of customs and manners, and infallibly rank me amongst the neatest, brightest, and most instructive writers that Italy or any country ever produced.

But self-love, brothers, self-love is a treacherous rascal whom no body ought ever to trust. Self-love will seize every opportunity to sooth and flatter and lead a man into error, and there is no one living but who has had many reasons to mistrust his suggestions : and now that I have

have calmly inspected the *tout ensemble* of my Portuguese letters, and foregone an hour the effect they may produce in the minds of the generality of my readers, I own I am not quite so pleased with that *tout ensemble* as I was with each letter singly, when I wrote them at intervals four and twenty hours distant from each other. I am under some apprehension least any reader should think me too sarcastical, and, what would be worse, that he should be led into opinions with regard to the Portuguese that I do not intend to give him.

Was each of these letters to be read abstractedly from the rest, I am pretty sure that no body would suspect me of malignity and ill-will to the Portuguese and their country. The description of bad inns in a region unfrequented by travellers, the account of a barber's absurdity, or a wench's impertinence, and other such things, would perhaps prove diverting during the short time employed

ed in the perusal, and leave no impression behind to the dishonour of Portugal and the generality of its inhabitants. Each letter would have no other effect than is produced in the mind of him who reads the burlesque *Capitolo*, written by our poet *Berni* to his friend the famous *Fracastorius* in dispraise of *Settignano*, (*a village in the Veronese territory*) ; and every man would possibly laugh at the subject of the picture as well as at the humour of the painter, as it is the case in that *Capitolo*. But I fear lest my burlesque accounts, taken all together, should produce a different effect from that which would be produced by only one, and bring me upon a level with those peevish and insolent travel-mongers, who in the countries they describe look only for subjects of blame and disapprobation.

That my reader therefore may not form from my letters (if I print them, as it is my intention) more unfavourable ideas of

of the Portuguese than I intend, I will warn him here to take notice, that, though the proportion of censure and ridicule may prove greater in them than that of praise and commendation, yet he must not be too quick to infer upon my testimony, that both the country and the nation of the Portuguese are undeserving his esteem. I have seen but little of either, and have had no means of giving any judgment of the middle or of the highest class. Therefore if any reader should find himself disposed to take my word and give implicit credit to my letters, let him restrain his imagination, and not confound those two classes with the lowest. Cardinal *Accioli* (whose sincerity is much greater than his politics) and the gentlemen of his retinue, who have no great reason to be in love with the Portuguese, have assured me that, both of the high and middle rank, there are many estimable persons in *Lisbon*; and the little

I have

I have said of the hermits of the *Cork-convent*, the curate of *Arrayolos*, the sheriff of *Villa Vizosa*, and some others, ought to convince my readers that I do not intend to make them look on Portugal as a country quite destitute of politeness and hospitality. I certainly have no great opinion of its literature and arts, or of its populace; and my contempt is the natural consequence of my observations, though quite cursory, quite superficial. Let us however not forget, that arts and literature can never be greatly cultivated in countries of small extent, as Portugal is; and with respect to the low part of any nation, there is always a wide difference between the manners prevailing in a large metropolis and in the country depending on it. Every metropolis abounds in vices almost unknown to the inhabitants of petty towns and villages; and this reflection must serve as a counterbalance to those I have made in condemnation of

the rogues who flung stones at me in the valley of *Alcántara*. I am persuaded that with such an adventure I should not have met, but in the neighbourhood of a metropolis.

I wish it had been in my power to go and visit the university of *Cohimbra*, and the kingdom of *Algarve* mentioned almost no where but on the Portuguese coin. An account of that kingdom and that university would possibly have raised my ideas of the Portuguese people: and I wish also, that it had been consistent with the plan of my present journey to go and wander a while on the banks of the *Minho* and the *Douro*, and carefully examine the customs and manners of those that drink of their streams. But what avails wishing, when we are not rich enough to satisfy either our own or our friends' curiosity? However, since I am about wishing, I will wish that some future traveller, possessed of sufficient leisure, wealth, and sagacity, may

come to this part of Europe, and give a more ample and more circumstantial account of it. The literary world wants a complete information of a country, of which not even the capital has been yet described.

L E T T E R XL.

A sketch of the adventures of a lady. Come to see the watch. Talaverolan poetry.

Talaverola, Sept. 23, 1760.

MEROSIO came early this morning to me, and informed me most minutely of what has happened to him since we parted at *Milan*, and by what succession of accidents he was at last brought to *Badajóz* with Cardinal *Acciajoli*. Besides his own, he related the adventures of his wife, an Englishwoman whom he married in *Lisbon* some years ago. I had indeed heard her mentioned at the English coffee-house there; but did not suspect that she was my friend's

wife, as his name had been inaccurately pronounced by those who spoke of her. She is a most wonderous being, it seems. She has been in the four quarters of the world, and speaks several languages, amongst which that of the Indians in the neighbourhood of *Goa*, where she resided as a maid of honour to the unfortunate vice-queen marchioness *Távora*, who was beheaded in *Lisbon* with the duke of *Aveiro*. She has also been in *Japan* with her first husband, a Dutch physician, to whom she was married at Batavia: and it is but lately that she was redeemed from a long slavery, and passed from *Morocco* to *Gibraltar* in the English ship that went to *Barbary* to fetch many captives of the British nation, shipwrecked last year (if I am not mistaken) in a man of war called the *Litchfield*. Madam Merosio had been taken three years before in a Portuguese vessel by a *Saleteen* pirate, and would probably have passed her whole life in captivity, had she not been

been an Englishwoman. As such, she was redeemed along with the crew of the *Litchfield*. Soon after she had been sold at *Morocco*, she became a great favourite with a favourite Sultana there, and stayed there long enough to learn that language. She has informed her husband from *Gibraltar*, that the presents her mistress made her when forced to part with her, will prove more than sufficient to live the remainder of their days in quiet. He has desired her to take the road of *Italy*, and meet him at *Genoa* or *Milan*. A narrative of her life would make a fine book, and if I see her any where in *Italy*, I will spirit her up to it, and offer her my service towards the work.

The Cardinal has obligingly drawn from me a promise that I will pay him (*a*)

(*a*) I kept that promise in the year 1765, and passed a few months at *Ancona* with him. He died soon after I left the place, and universally regretted, as my *Anconitan* friends wrote to me

a visit when we come to be all on the good side of the Alps. I really was sorry to leave him in a place, which must on many accounts prove very disagreeable to a man of his parts, habits, and social temper. I am afraid the crosses he has met with in Lisbon will impair his health. I took my leave about one in the afternoon of him, of my friend, and of *Paolita's* native place with a heart full of the most sincere sorrow, and after two hours riding crossed a torrent called *Guadixa*. Only one cottage have I seen to-day in the space of three leagues. This village of *Talaverola* is but small, and the only thing pompous in it that I have observed, is the short inscription on the gate of the Posada. *Meson por los Cavalleros.* It would be properer if it said, *por los Muleteros.* However, it may be considered as an enchanted castle built by *Armida* for *Rinaldo*, when compared to the *Eftallages*.

As I was loitering before that *Meson* waiting for my supper, a parcel of poor little girls came to look at the *Estrangero*. Asking them their names and other such important questions, I happened to look at my watch. One of them on seeing it, asked me what it was. *Un relox*, said I, *que me dize las horas*. “A watch that tells me the hour.” *Habla el relox?* replied the pert thing. “*Does the watch speak?*” Look here, my dear, said I. When this hand points at this mark, it is *one*: when at this, it is *two*; and so on. But how does the hand, said the girl, go from one mark to the other, and tell you the hour you want to know? The question was somewhat puzzling, as I knew not what words to use to satisfy her curiosity. To spare myself the trouble of a long explanation, which might at last prove incomprehensible, I put the watch to her ear, and made her take notice of the clack within it. You cannot

conceive how she was struck on hearing it. No surprize was ever so strongly marked in any face. All her little friends would have the watch clapped at their ears, and it was very diverting to see the effect it produced in their little minds. Unable to contain the astonishment caused by that little noise, some of them ran along the street, called the infantry of the village, and brought it all about me to see and hear *el reloj del cavallero*. Happy the boy or girl that could hear it twice out of my princely condescension! Who could ever have thought, that I had with me the ready means of making them all so happy! And several of the men and women who ran at the creatures' bustle, took me for a most respectable *Hidalgo* upon the mere credit of my watch. Thus I beguiled an hour, immensely delighted with their astonishment and innocent joy. Measure you now the proportion of knowledge that there is between *London*, *Paris*, or *Rome*, and

and the village of *Talaverola* in the Spanish *Extremadura*.

Re-entering the *Meson*, and inspecting its furniture, I saw in a corner an alms-box fixed to the wall with this inscription upon it :

*O tu honrado Cavallero
Que llegais a este Meson,
Da un ochavo a las almas,
Y ponlo en este Cajon.
Mira que la obra es buena
Del divino Concistorio,
Y lo admite de mano ajena
Para que salgar de pena
Las almas del Purgatorio.*

In English thus : *Ye noble cavalier, who have reached this inn, give a half-penny to the souls, and put it in this box. Take notice that this act will prove acceptable to the heavenly confistory, and it will be worth the liberality of any foreigner to deliver the souls out of Purgatory.*

There are no watchmakers here, said I, but there are poets : and to pass another moment I translated these verses into Italian thus :

*Signor dabbene e bello
Qui giunto a suo grand' agio,
Deh lasci un quattrinello
Dell' anime in suffragio !

Vosignoria IllustriSSima
Farà cosa gratissima
Al santo Concistorio
Con pecunia pochissima
Per chi sta in Purgatorio.*

And with this I take my leave of the *Pindar* of the *Guadixa*, or the *Talaverolan* bard ; call him as you like.

LETTER XLI.

Tedium of uniformity. Leanders. Melon-seeds. General Muza.

Mérida, Sept. 26, 1760.

THE English Spectator advises us to keep a minute account of our daily doings, that by reading it a while after, we may see how our time has elapsed, be ashamed of the manner in which we spent it, and employ it better for the future.

Why of the many that have heard of so good a piece of advice, not one perhaps would ever take it, many reasons may be given. But the best in my opinion is, that such a journal would prove uniform, and uniformity is a most wearisome thing. Each page of it would be like the former, because men in general do to-day and will do to-morrow, what they did yesterday and the day before. Very few

few are the lives so diversified as to afford quick passages from actions of one kind to actions of another ; and to write and to read over and over the same story, would only aggravate the tediousness of uniformity.

It is however providential that uniformity is disgusting. Were not man actuated by an invincible aversion to it, he would certainly sit down in idleness after having provided for the present necessity, and his care would scarcely ever preclude the wants of to-morrow. Our aversion to uniformity makes us hate a jail above all other things, because life is passed with a greater uniformity in a jail than any where else. And why do we all wish for an incessant increase of riches, but because we know that riches afford the readiest means of varying life ? Indeed all our efforts tend to this end, and I think that all men would, if they could, devote part of their life to travelling, because they suppose that it affords a great deal

deal of variety. But I, who have tried it several times, am not quite of this opinion. What am I doing now, but the same thing over and over? I get up betimes in the morning from a bad couch, enter a chaise, go on till dinner-time; then alight and eat; then enter the chaise again, go on till supper-time; then alight and sup; then go to lie down upon another bad couch. Nor do I converse more, or see more objects, than when I was in the immense metropolis of England, where a man may live a hundred years, and yet see every day many and many things which will prove new to the man that has most seen.

Amongst my expedients to destroy as much as possible of this uniformity, I have betaken myself to that of writing a minute narrative of this journey: but, amongst the many inconveniences of my expedient, one is, that I can scarcely help beginning my letters uniformly with *This morning*. To avoid so disgusting a sameness

ness I am driven to the hardest shifts. I put my mind to no small torture every night, and have recourse to various flourishes in order to escape it both for your sake and mine. Sometimes the flourish will be gay, sometimes will be dull. Dull or not, I must now say that this morning I sat out from *Talaverola* at eight, and that I have neither said, nor seen, nor done any thing in this whole day that could relieve me from wearisome uniformity. I have only observed that the *Leandro* (*laurel-rose*) which is cultivated with so much care in our Italian gardens for its beautiful flower, grows spontaneously on the banks of the *Guadiana*. Next to this unimportant information I must give you another, quite as unimportant; and it is, that about noon we sat down, Batiste, the Calefferos, and I, upon the bank of the *Guadiana*, to eat a dinner we had brought with us, as there is no kind of habitation between *Talaverola* and *Mérida*, though six leagues distant

distant from each other, except one called *Lobón*, which I have already forgot whether it is a *Venta* or a hamlet.

About eight at night we entered this *Mérida* by a bridge near as fine as that at *Badajóz*. Few rivers in Europe can boast of two such noble bridges as decorate the *Guadiana*. Not far from *Talaverola* we bought of a peasant some melons, which proved as good as the very best at *Cantalupo* in Romagna, *Malamocco* near Venice, *Caravaggio* in Lombardy, or *Cambiagno* in Piedmont : and this is another of to-day's unimportant transactions. I had charged Batiste to save the seeds, which I intended to have sowed at home, in order to contribute my mite towards the propagation of the good things of this world: but the hair-brained fellow forgot my order and has thrown them away.

I have taken a tour about the streets of *Mérida*. Father *Mariana* says in his history, that *Muza*, a general of *Morocco*, taking

taking a view of this town from a distance, was fired with a desire of making himself master of it, which he effected by a stratagem after this manner. As the inhabitants defended themselves with the greatest obstinacy, knowing him to be old, and hoping he would soon die, and the siege be raised of course, General *Muza* tinged his white hair to black; then sent them word he would be glad to treat with them, and put an end to the siege. They (*a*) complied with his desire, but their deputies, seeing him grown young, were so terrified that they advised a surrender.

I believe *Mérida* to have been a noble place in former ages, when it was called

(*a*) *Abulcacim Torif Abentarique*, *Muza's* contemporary, in his Arabick *History of King Rodrigo*, translated into Spanish by *Miguel de Luna*, does not mention this stratagem, though he takes particular notice of that siege, and describes several particularities of it. *De Luna's* translation was printed for the fourth time at *Valencia* in 1646. I shall speak of it in another place.

Augusta Emerita, and was the metropolis of *Lusitania*; but time has changed it. Many antiquities are here to be seen, as this was once a flourishing colony of the Romans. The Méridans seem to care but little for those remains, and are nevertheless proud of them. At least the *Posadero* seem'd so to me. He is what they call in Spanish, *un agradable hablador*. “*A fair-spoken man, a specious prater.*” And has told me that even their bridge is a Roman work. I have not time to verify his assertion; but indeed it is a noble bridge, long, spacious, and all of free-stone.

LETTER XLII.

An odd colonel and a kind curate. Boys and girls jumping at my quartillos.

Meaxaras (or Miajadas) Sept. 27, 1760.

WHEN I shall have told you that I am in a village scarcely containing four hundred souls, you will presently

conclude that my letter of to-day will prove quite as insipid as that of yesterday. I wish I could fill up my daily accounts with interesting matter: But consider that I travel on without stopping through a country very thinly peopled, and that little can be said when but little is to be seen. However this day's letter will prove more entertaining than my last.

This morning (I cannot avoid this expression) we crossed early the eastern part of *Mérida*'s territory, which is pretty fertile in some places, and stopped at a hamlet called *San Pedro* about two leagues distant, and there dined, though it was but nine o'clock, because we were sure to find no more habitations from thence to this *Meaxaras*, which is five long leagues distant from *San Pedro*.

While we were employed in taking off the rind of a large *Merida-melon*, (whose seeds shall be certainly preserved) a most ugly coach, drawn by two half-starved jades, entered the *Posada*. An old

old gentleman was in it, who is colonel of a regiment of cavalry called *De la Reyna*. He was preceded by half a dozen of his horsemen. As soon as alighted he came into the room where I was at dinner with my people; that is, Batiste and the Calefferos. I got up, offered him a seat, and invited him to partake of my fare, which was not bad, as partridges and other game are very plentiful in these desarts, and to be bought of the country-people or the *Pesaderos* almost for nothing. But the colonel was in a pet, thanked me coldly, turned his back, went to wait without for my going, that he might take possession of the room, which is the only one in the *Posada*. Ther growing impatient, as I suppose, he ran to the stable; and that he might do something towards discharging his ill-humour, he ordered that my four mules should be instantly driven out of it, to make room for his two jades and for the horses of his cavaliers. It was lucky that

he stopp'd there, and did not likewise think of driving me out of the room. Had he thought of that, and commanded his warriors to invest it, I had certainly surrendered at discretion as well as Batiste, as we are quite ignorant of the art of attacking and defending places. However his indignation was all vented against the mules: and here I would have you take notice by the by, how skill prevails over bodily strength. The four beasts have certainly ten, if not twenty times, more strength than he and any of his fellows put together; yet they were presently turned out into the yard, though the *Calefferos* ran to tell him in a most submissive strain, that they had just *acabada la cevada* (*eaten their chopp'd straw*) and that *el Cavallero* (*meaning me*) was going in three minutes. In England this would not have happened, as the common-people there are more upon a par with colonels and generals than that of Spain. An English *Tago*, or a Welsh *Dom*

Manuelo,

Manuelo, would upon such an occasion have shown a clenched fist to the peevish old fellow; and his soldiers would no more have thought of touching than of eating the mules. But all countries have constitutions of their own, which are productive of this and that good, and subject to this and that evil.

My poor conductors, each of their limbs shaking with terror, came running to tell me, that they had put to; and begged I would instantly run away from that formidable enemy to mules. But I had seen from the window the whole regiment advance towards the *Posada*, and being willing to view it, bad them go slowly on and wait for me at some distance. The regiment is indeed very fine. Fine horses, fine men, all well armed, and very well dressed.

Having satisfied my curiosity and looked at some of the officers' ladies who came on in chaises and alighted at the *Posada*, I went to join my timid Calesse-

ros, and, continuing our journey through a desart, we reached *Meaxáras* pretty late in the evening. Here I supped in compliance with that unavoidable uniformity of which I talked yesterday. Then I went to take a walk about the village. I spied the ruins of a castle, and thither directed my steps. Near those ruins a clergyman was sitting on a stone quite alone. I bowed, he bowed. *Criado de vosted, Señor Cura: Criado de vosted, Cavallero.* Pray, what are these ruins? Those of a Moorish castle, said the curate with an air of affability; and without any further ceremony he entered upon the history of it, and informed me of the rise and fall with as rapid a volubility of speech as ever I heard, to my no small satisfaction. I wish I could meet often with such men during the remainder of my journey. We parted after a full hour's confabulation about the Moorish people, that were once powerful in this very province of *Extremadura Espanola*. He thinks

thinks that some of their descendants are still lurking in several parts of the country, openly living like christians, but secretly practising some Mahometanism. Yet, said he, their fear of being discovered has always been so great, ever since the edict of general expulsion in 1610, that, daring not to speak Arabick even amongst themselves for fear of being overheard, they have lost it, and with it the greatest part of their religion, which will totally perish of itself before it is long, and all of us be (*a*) *Christianos Viejos*, probably before another century is elapsed. Could I visit the most unfrequented parts of *Granada* and *Andalusia*, I would enquire more about these *Moriscos* and their remains. By the monuments they have left in all parts of this kingdom they seem to have been a brave breed of men.

(*a*) OLD CHRISTIANS, is a title which Spaniards give themselves, to let others know that they are not descended from Jews or Moriscos who, when converted, are called CHRISTIANOS NUEVOS, NEW CHRISTIANS.

As the moon shone bright, I rambled about the village a while, after having parted with the good curate. In turning a corner I met with some men and women who sat on benches talking together and enjoying the freshness of the night, while some children of both sexes were playing in the midst of the street. *Muchachita*, said I to a sprightly girl who curtefied to me of her own accord, will you tell me my way to the *Posada* of *Tia Morena*? In this country they give the appellation of *Tia* (*Aunt*) to all old women of low rank. Turn that corner, said the girl, and it is the second house on your left hand. Take this for your kindness, said I, giving her a small coin.

Her play-fellows who saw me reward an answer, were presently about me. *Señor, Señor, deame un quartillo tambien*, “give me a farthing too.” I distributed as many as I had, and each of them would have had one but that their cries drew more boys and girls from the neighbourhood

bourhood in an instant. *T'a mi tambien, Señor, y a mi, y a mi.* One pulled me by the coat, one took me by the hand or arm, one called me by a soft name, one by another. Finding my coins run short of their numbers, I told them I had none left; but that I would find more if they would come with me to *Tia Morena*. Do you think I spoke to the deaf? No. One and all shewed great joy at the unexpected offer, and environed by them I went to the *Tia*. She had heard the noise at a distance, and trembled to hear it approach; and Batiste, who distinguished my voice amongst fifty, presently concluded I had brought myself into some distress, and ran up stairs for his hanger. I called the *Tia* out with a most imperious voice, and ordered her to bring me instantly all the *Quartillos* she had in her till. Then pushing the boys and girls pell-mell into the Court-yard, bid two tall fellows to shut the gate and leave only the wicket open for my little

folks to go out one by one, giving them
 a strict charge not to let any in of those
 I should send out. The boys and girls
 press'd all upon me for a *Quartillo*, and
 each would be first to receive it. How-
 ever, beckoning to one of them, Who
 art thou? said I in a thundering tone of
 voice. *Yo soy Phelipito, Senor.* Well:
Phelipito, salta y grita, Biva el Rey.
 "Jump and cry, Long live the King." Little Philip jump'd and cried, had the
Quartillo, and was turned out at the
 wicket. Who art thou? *Soy Teresita,*
soy Maffia, soy Pepito, soy Antonieto, soy
 this and *soy* that. (*soy* means *I am*) *Salta*
y grita. They all told their names one
 after the other, all gave a jump, all cried
Biva el Rey, and all were successively
 turned out with a *Quartillo* a-piece, espe-
 cially the boys; because as to the girls,
 and the taller ones most particularly, I
 have some notion that they had more than
 one. Alas! It is impossible to keep one's
 integrity, when maidens tempt; and to
 be

be perfectly impartial is no innate quality in man when they are in his way !

Be this as it will, ever since *Meaxaras* was so named by the Moors in *Alderhamen's* days, never have its inhabitants had so joyful a night as this. Great was the tumult, and many were the ears both of boys and girls that I pulled, as the little rogues creeping between the legs of the men that guarded the wicket, came back again for another jump, another *Biva*, another *Quartillo*. I caught several of them that were thus stealing in, and they pretended they were but just come and had not had their due: but it was not difficult to find instantly out those who told a lye, because asking abruptly their names, those who had already given theirs, could not immediately offer another; and I caught their ears as they hesitated, and pull'd, and made them squeak like pigs. It is true that out of tenderness to the girls I did not hurt them much, and even ran a *Quartillo* into their hands

hands while I held them by an ear; but the wicked little wenches cried as loud as if I had flead them, and thus concealed to the boys the distinction they received. Upon my credit, you would have been astonished at their sagacity, and how readily they caught my meaning. Some of them would even squeeze the hand of the donor, and look up to him with a sweet smile without ceasing their mock screams. Must I tell you all? One of them had more than ten *Quartillos* at once; and why? Because her name was *Paolita*. That name was too powerful for my impartiality.

The *Quartillo*'s being at last all gone, I dismissed them with a short exhortation to be all good boys and good girls, and the feast ended with a universal shout to the *Cavallero*. All went away much more pleased with the manner of the thing than with the thing itself, and I as usual got to my pen and ink.

LETTER XLIII.

*Heaps of stones with crosses. An odd way
of composing inscriptions. A brave Eng-
lish girl.*

Truxillo, Sept. 27, 1760.

THE little care that is taken in these provinces of the public roads, would have put my neck in danger, had I not alighted often during the six leagues from *Meaxaras* to this town. Yet they might be mended and rendered durable at no great expence in my opinion, as the ground is every where dry and firm. This *Truxillo* (in antient times *Turris Julii*) has a very fine aspect from a distance, as it stands on a high ground : but when you are in it, you find it a very disagreeable town. The streets are ill paved with broken flints, the houses irregularly built, and very low.

A bow-shot from the gate at which I entered, there are many heaps of stones

stones ill-cemented together with mortar, disorderly scattered on each side of the great road. On each heap a wooden cross has been erected. I suppose the Truxillians have more devotion to the cross than their neighbours, since they have more than thirty such crosses before that gate. Few of their houses have glass in their windows, but shutters only, after the manner of the Portuguese country-towns.

Over the gate opposite to that at which we entered, I spent half an hour, endeavouring to decypher an inscription over an arch, though to no purpose. Both the inscription and the arch are modern. The abbreviations of the inscription are in a very odd taste. Perhaps its author thought he imitated those of the ancient Romans; but between the antient Romans and the modern Truxilians, there is scarcely so much difference, as between their ways of composing inscriptions. Suppose one

of

of these learned wants to express *Charles Emanuel king of Sardinia*, he first writes the diphthong Œ of a proportionable size; then in the bunch of the diphthong he writes a small *k* and a small *s*, and thus his meaning is clearly expressed in his opinion. See what labours are here prepared to future Gravius's and Gronovius's!

I forgot to tell you that the Posada at *Meaxaras* (or *Miajadas*, as others pronounce) is a tolerable good inn, and *Tia Morena* a very cordial and serviceable woman. This Posada of *Truxillo* is still better than that of *Meaxaras*: but at both you must send for whatever you want to the shops in the neighbourhood; and it seems that it is the general custom of Spain to furnish you with nothing at such places but lodging and light, together with the use of the fire-place to dress your viands, which will be dress'd by the people of the house if you have no servant to do it. This *Posadera*,

who is a young and handsome woman, is actually dissolving in tears ; and she has reason enough for grieving, as the small pox has killed both her children this very morning. When she was told of it, she fell into a swoon, from which they could hardly recover her in an hour. Then she sat a long while pensive and quiet ; then storm'd ; then swoon'd ; then was pensive and quiet again. She has been storming in my hearing this half hour, and has really awakened my whole commiseration. Never have I seen grief so frantickly expressed, nor heard such piercing words. The Spaniards have the reputation of being endowed with the greatest sensibility of heart ; and I think this character of theirs strongly expressed in their faces, universally full of meaning both in men and women. Poor Posadera ! I wish her children had been inoculated like many in England. But in this part of the world, far from being introduced, inoculation has not yet been

men-

mentioned. It is astonishing how slow is the progress of any new practice, be it ever so useful! I have heard when I was in England, that our countrymen begin to adopt inoculation, and am glad of it. This is almost the only rational thing, of which the Italians have not set the example to the other nations of Europe. Had it been known by them in the golden *Medicean* days, it had probably been practised by this time all over Europe, and this poor woman would not be overwhelmed by that tempest of grief that is now shaking her whole soul.

Having nothing to add of *Truxillo*, I may as well, for the sake of filling a page, tell you a pretty thing that a young woman of my acquaintance did in London. She was very handsome, but very poor, and obliged to work hard at her needle for her bread. A gentleman in good circumstances flattered her with hopes of marriage; but, as I had rea-

son to think, with a view to have her on worse terms.

After many months courtship he went one day to tell her, that he was going in the country for a while, and repeated his promises with the greatest warmth. But why don't you marry me before you go ? said the ingenuous girl. You have been promising and promising every day, and I don't see why you should promise, being your own master.

My artful spark was somewhat surprised at this plain speech, which he thought maidenly modesty would never permit her to utter, for she was certainly a modest young woman. But finding himself thus pushed home, to put it still off with decency, he told her that he would not have protracted this business so long, but for a reason that he had never dared to tell her. And what is that reason ? said she in an alarm. Why, my dear, you have not yet had the small-

small-pox ; and should you have it after marriage and your beauty be destroyed by it, I am but a man like another, and should probably repent, as you know that beauty is what chiefly induces men to love women, and all other good qualities go for nothing without it. Well, said she, your reasons are just. Go into the country ; come to see me when you come back, and we will talk of marriage no more, until I have had the small-pox, that we may see what effects it will produce.

He was no sooner gone than she had herself inoculated. In a few weeks she was quite well, nor was her pretty face at all impaired. The lover came back, and was quite subdued by this courageous proof of her affection. He married her without delay, and very happy he is now in his worthy wife. Our Italian girls may love *with more ardour* than the British, but do you know any

who could love *so well* as my English friend? Let the English alone for natural good sense, whatever you may say in favour of Italian imagination.

L E T T E R XLIV.

A tumble-down-hill. Borracho, or Bota.

Zarayzejo, Sept. 28, 1760.

WE left *Truxillo* at ten this morning, and during three leagues the road was very well. But as we approached *La Sierra de Mirabete*, which is a long chain of mountains, I was obliged to alight and walk the other two leagues to this *Zarayzejo*. We mounted some hillocks; then descended; then passed a torrent over a bridge; then mounted again. As we went down to the torrent, we were obliged to support the chaises, which was not done without a great deal of fatigue. On the opposite rugged rise the fatigue was still greater,

graeter, and, what was worse, proved vain. The road on the declivity was so broken and so narrow, that one of the wheels could not find room enough, and down went the chaise, the mules, and *Yago*; and down would have been dragged Dom Manuelo, Batiste, and his master, had we not let go the ropes with which we supported the chaise, making the greatest efforts to keep it upright.

I really thought that the hardness of the stones would have proved fatal to poor *Yago*; yet he got but two or three small contusions, though he fell from a very steep height, and rolled down it the length of twenty feet at least. The chaise had part of its tackle broke, but was soon mended with ropes, and the mules got off quite unhurt. With the assistance of the other two that had happily dragged the other up the steep, we got mine out of that bottom, all of us putting a

hand to the work, and not without danger of falling ourselves among the craggs of the declivity.

Subject to such accidents are those who go in chaises about these desolate regions, where few people travel because the roads are bad, and where the roads are bad because few people travel.

Half an hour after having mounted this difficult *Cuesta*, I came still a-foot to *Zarayzejo*, quite spent with fatigue and with walking in the rage of the sun that reverberated from the continued rocks. The man of the *Posada* told me on my arrival, that this is a small and wretched village, where nothing is to be seen that deserves notice; therefore I threw myself on a bed and slept till it was quite dark. I forgot to tell you, that yesterday we dined at *Puerto Santa Cruz*, another wretched village, which lies at the foot of a high and naked hill: but to-day's dinner was eaten on that

that craggy declivity, sitting on its stones after having got the chaise off. We drank our wine *tour à tour* out of a skin-bag, which is called *Borracho* and *Bota*, both by the Portuguese and the Spaniards. Our's holds about five gallons, and we fill it wherever we find the liquor good. Yesterday at *Santa Cruz* we cooled the bag in a stream, leaving it there a full hour: but to-day were forced to drink warm, which was uncomfortable enough on so hot a day. How great is the difference between travelling through Spain and England!

LETTER XLV.

Much to be seen. Countries most fertile in authors. The question of the edict discussed. Would they cut canals. Virtue wants a rub. Alms-boxes. Sweet-smelling plants. Goats and sheep. No wheat-land.

Almaraz, Sept. 29, 1760.

HE who goes a long journey ought to rise early, and not do as I have done this morning. I could travel but four leagues to-day. It is true they have been bad enough to stand in stead of eight. The two first we went on mounting, the other two descending : but both the rise and the fall were so steep and stony, that I was obliged to walk little less than the whole way, and through such by-paths, as proved longer than the main road. At two in the afternoon we reached a village called *las Casas del Puerto*, where with a few quartillos I procured myself the company of some boys and

and girls, who came to show me the way cross a thick forest, dancing and capering before me for more than a league. This was a pleasant diversion which rendered my walk less disagreeable: yet it was nothing at all when compared to the mirth at *Meaxaras*.

We have now gone three days over mountains very high, and part of them very woody. The weather was this morning somewhat rainy. Had it been fine I would have clambered up a craggy hill and visited the *Castillo* of *Mirabete*, which stands on the most elevated summit in this province. That castle is a league distant from *Zayrazejo*, and was a work of the *Moriscos*. They had given Arabic names to almost all the towns, villages, mountains, vallies, and rivers of this district, which they possessed for many centuries, and many of those names are still preserved. I wish I knew *Arabick*, that I might trace their meaning and ori-

ginal : but there is never an end of my vain wishes.

That castle of *Mirabete*, by which the whole *Sierra* has taken its denomination, is now entirely uninhabited, though not intirely ruined. A shepherd told me, that there *hay mucho que ver* (*much yet is to be seen*) particularly some mosaick stones and walls encrusted with parti-coloured pieces of marble. Indeed, if I could afford the expence, I would run over all Spain, in spight of its bad accommodations, and visit most particularly the tops of its numerous mountains, on which the *Moriscos* chiefly delighted to build. The satisfaction that would be the consequence of my discoveries and remarks, would amply repay me the fatigue of such a ramble. Innumerable are the objects of curiosity up and down this large kingdom that deserve to be seen, examined, and described. Italy, France, and England may justly be considered as countries the most

most fertile of authors that ever existed ; yet it is astonishing how little is to be found in their languages about the state of Spain, either before or after the *Moriscos* quitted it. Of that nation which possessed the greatest part of it for several centuries, and were in it from 713 to 1610, we scarcely know any thing with regard to their domestick way of living, their laws, arts, sciences, trade, manufactures, and agriculture. Yet about a million of them still existed not so much as two centuries ago, according to some authors. *Mariana*, in the supplement to his own history, does but say in general terms, that the number of those who were driven out of Spain was incredible.

That incredible number, or that million, was expelled this kingdom in 1610 by a formidable edict of Philip III. In this age which abounds in mighty philosophers infinitely more than any ever did, it has been, and is still, a fashion to stigmatize the Spaniards of that age for

for having been guilty of such a political error as to deprive their kingdom at one blow of that vast number of inhabitants. *Monsieur de Voltaire* and the whole tribe of his admirers, have very gravely descended on this subject, and endeavoured to make the people consider that expulsion, as no less inhuman than impolitical. What? say these wise heads: Deprive a million of people of their native homes, and drive them away, men, women, and children? Folly never to be retrieved, and cruelty never to be paralleled but by St. Bartholomew's massacre!

These exclamations appear so plausible, that I am almost afraid to offer a word of apology for Philip III, though I entertain some suspicion that the parade of humanity made by our modish wits, has some tendency towards forwarding irreligion and countenancing rebellion. Let us however recollect, with regard to that famous edict, that all the Spanish

reprobates of those times, their rebels, traytors, and rogues of all denominations, used to take refuge and find concealment, if not protection, amongst the *Moriscos*; and that those Mahometans, though long subdued, still looked upon themselves as lawful masters of the whole country, and would in consequence of that persuasion, co-operate openly or secretly with the French, the English, the Africans, and with every enemy to Spain: and thus keep it in incessant disquiet, suspicion, and alarm. Considering only this with impartiality, can we really blame that edict, which only drove them to their original country? Nay more, can we forbear to praise the Spaniards for their great moderation in only banishing the *Moriscos*.

It is true that by acting as they did, the Spaniards deprived themselves of a vast number of artists, husbandmen, and soldiers. But still they acted as the governor of a citadel would do, who believed

lieved a part of his garrison resolved to revolt and side with his besiegers the moment they should come to a general assault. I must, says the governor, either drive these traytors out of these walls, or put them all to death, or perish myself. If I put them to death, the world will tax me with cruelty; and if I drive them out, they will augment the army without. Brother-soldiers, what must I do? Let us not embrue our hands in so much blood—but they are traytors, and we must get rid of them. They will go and encrease the army of our enemies and leave our garrison incomplete; but those that remain will act with unanimity: We shall then have only our enemies to fear: we lose numbers, but we get strength.

This in all probability was the reasoning of Philip and his council when the expulsion of the Moriscos was resolved upon. One of two great evils was to be suffered, and the least was chosen. Why
they

they are to be called barbarous for it, is beyond my comprehension.

Of the many writers who have made mention of the *Moriscos*, none ever gave me any satisfaction, except *Navagero*; and yet he spoke but very little of them in those letters which he wrote to our great Collector of Travels *Giambattista Rannusio*, when he went ambassador from the Venetians to the Emperor Charles V. From those letters, composed by *Navagero* out of his own journal, we collect that the *Moriscos* in their dress, customs and manners, as well as in their language, were much different from any of the European nations; worthy therefore to have been examined by an European philosopher with a much greater attention than *Navagero* seems to have had. Their arts and sciences were neither few nor contemptible. The learned have often in their mouths the names of some of their historians and physicians, but indeed their

names

names only. Tradition informs the Spaniards, that the *Moriscos* had likewise a great many poets. But their productions are now lost to Europe, and we know not whether Africa has preserved them. Their knowledge of agriculture is allowed on all hands, and the remains of their buildings, especially those at Granada, described by *Navagero* and others, bear witness to their skill in architecture. But European incuriousness has suffered their excellencies to sink into oblivion. We are at present perfectly ignorant of the *Arabick* dialect which they spoke; ignorant of their sciences, arts, and characteristical peculiarities. Yet an attentive and curious traveller might still glean about this country sufficient materials for an interesting account of that people, by describing with exactness those ruins of their former habitations that still exist, by searching for tradition in the old songs, romances, and chronicles, both

both Spanish and Arabick, that have still a run amongst this people, or lie concealed in their libraries, and forming deductions of what was once from what is still left.

If a King of Spain knew well what country he has, he would in my opinion be one of the most powerful monarchs of the world. Let canals be cut through the provinces that they may be easily irrigated, which may be done in a few years by an absolute and rich King, as the Kings of Spain are, and will long be. Let strict œconomy be established, and agriculture encouraged with liberality; and the natural fecundity of the Spanish-ground will feed many more millions than it now contains. This is the uniform cry of all the judicious Spaniards with whom I have conversed before I came to visit these regions; and I think them right since I have seen *Estremadura*. I have observed amongst other things, that the higher parts of this province naturally produce green-oaks, whose acorns

are

are almost as good to eat as our almonds, or rather our chesnuts. But nothing is done towards augmenting the number of those trees. If they were cultivated wherever they would grow, *Estremadura* alone would be able to furnish half Europe with good hams, as numberless swine might be fed here at almost no expence, as I am told it is done a little further towards *Madrid*; and the swine that feed upon the acorns of the green-oak, are you cannot think how good. But neither that, nor any other kind of cultivation is much thought on in these parts, and both mountains and vallies are miserably neglected; therefore the province has a great scarcity of inhabitants, and few or none of them opulent. They eat little, are covered with rags, and lodge meanly. It is true that a very little suffices them to keep soul and body together, because they are doubtless the most temperate people upon the face of the globe. Nor are they ambitious of dress, for not

even their priests have good coats on their backs. Then they are so indurated by their hard manner of living, that they can lie on their naked floors in winter, and even in the open air in summer without inconvenience. They certainly enjoy a kind of happiness by living in this careless manner, satisfied with the present for want of knowing better, and perfectly unmindful of the future; and that they are not very unhappy, their cheerful looks, as well as their general healthiness, sufficiently testify. But it is not the interest of their King that they should lead a life of indolence, however happy they may be; nor is it, I think, their own to bask through life in sordid and hungry negligence, when they might have plenty, and perhaps elegance, with care short of anxieties, and labour short of fatigue.

The Estremaduran mountains contain likewise very fine marbles of different hues; but, since the *Moriscos* were driven

out, perhaps not a single edifice of marble has ever been raised throughout this province. It is apparent that the *Moriscos* were infinitely more laborious and industrious than their successors, if we credit the innumerable remains of castles and towers which they have left all about these cliffs and rocks. The castle of *Mirabete* already mentioned, was not only a large building, but was surrounded with a large garden, the walls of which are yet standing in a good measure; and those who made it, must certainly have had some stream to water it upon the elevation on which it was. But the Spaniards, who during their wars with the *Moriscos*, were a valiant race of men, grew idle as soon as they got rid of them, and degenerated into an inactivity not to be well conceived but by rambling over *Extremadura*, and comparing its present with its former state. Thus did the Romans after they had annihilated *Carthage*. They dwindled away, proportionably

tionably as fast as the Spaniards after the full recovery and peaceable possession of their ancient kingdom. Thus have other nations sunk from their grandeur as soon as their enemies and rivals were bereft of the power of hurting. That virtue may preserve itself alive and bright, obstacles and contention are necessary; otherwise it will grow rusty and perish. Thus will the English do, the bravest nation of the present world. Let them be once possessed of the whole circuit of commerce, at which they have long aimed, and which they are in a fair way of obtaining. The first consequence of that wish'd-for possession will be immense riches, the second emasculation, and the third so many vices and follies, as will totally annihilate their industry as well as their bravery; and some poor desperate nation will at last do to them what they are actually doing to others. But let us not lose ourselves in this sort of telescopic reasoning.

As soon as you reach any habitation in this *Estremadura*, some male or female beggar comes about you, holds up an alms-box, and craves with much earnestness for a *Lemosnita por las almas*, “*A small alms for the souls in purgatory.*” The number of those who have no other trade but that of *pedir por Dios*, is indeed too large in this region, as they think it very meritorious besides that they find it convenient. Yet, instead of *begging for God's sake*, or *for the souls*, and instead of tormenting the living for the relief of the dead, they would do much better to give themselves other concerns. Besides the oaks on their mountains, they have other trees in their vallies that would easily furnish them with effectual means to live better than casual alms. But things have now been brought to such a pass in their province, that if they should become willing to apply to culture, it would scarcely be in their power so to work, unless the government would provide

provide them both with implements and with instructors.

About half a league from *Casas del Puerto*, the *Tagus* is crossed again over a bridge composed of two wide arches, which, they say, was a work of the Romans. There the waters of that river are of a brick colour, but so deep, that they might possibly be made navigable: and so might those of the *Guadiana* down from *Mérida* to the sea. But not a boat, great or small, have I seen on those two streams in *Spanish Extremadura*, nor any kind of dike, dam, nor other invention to subtract any part of those streams, and turn it from its natural channel for the purposes of agriculture.

Rosemary, lavender, sage, thyme, and other sweet-smelling plants, grow plentifully about the wildest parts of these mountains and vallies, and make journeying on foot very pleasant with their fragrancy. I have seen yesterday and to-day some small herds of goats and

sheep, and am satisfied that larger might be had, would these people be at the trouble.

This village of *Almaráz* is as poor as that of *Zarayzejo*, and has nothing remarkable but the romanticalness of its situation. The sight from the *Posada's* windows runs over a tract of rocky country not totally deprived of trees. Scarce any wheat-land is to be seen from *Truxillo*, and I may say from *Mérida* to this place.

LETTER XLVI.

Flat ground again. Holy friars and pretty girls. Chewing of acorns. An odd organ. Widows lighting candles. Stuff and stuff when I have nothing else.

Navál Morál, Sept. 23, 1760.

IT is eleven in the morning, and I am only two leagues from *Almaráz*, because I cannot resolve upon rising betimes. It seems as if the idleness of this country

was catching. While the mules are eating their chopped straw, I may as well be at my quill.

I am at last out of the mountains, and to-day's journey has been and will be performed on flat-ground. At the distance of a league from *Almaráz* I went along some wide vineyards that belong to a convent of Dominican Friars. How beautiful the grapes that hung all about!

Adjoining to those vineyards there are houses where those grapes are collected, and the wine made. That wine I had heard much commended by my *Calefferos*, and I must tell you by the by, that the two fellows love to drink rather in the German than in the Spanish way. As our *Borracho* was near empty, I alighted at those houses to fill it. I mean, that I alighted at an inn, and was surprized to find, not that it belongs to those friars, but that they themselves have the superintendance of it. Three or four of them, middle-aged and grave personages, were

in that inn, chatting with the servant-maids, amongst whom I could not help to take notice of one very lively and smart, her head high, her neck of snow, besides an eye so full of lustre! None of *Calypso's* nymphs would any poet dare to compare to such a *Señora*. She is niece (one of the friars told it me) to an old woman there, who is as lean as a gothic pillar; but it is the niece and not the aunt that plays the landlady and receives the customers' money. I never would marry that I might turn friar, and never turn'd friar that I might marry whenever I should list; but there I was near losing my liberty one way or the other.

Jesting apart: A man ought not to be hasty in thinking ill of his neighbours; but my neighbours ought also to take some care not to give a man any motive for thinking ill. If I had seen friars in Italy superintending an inn of their own, with handsome wenches in it by way of servants, I question whether I should ever

ever have had the good opinion I have of their exactness in the observance of their vows. Whatever coat we may wear, we are all fragile, and much holiness is required to resist near temptations.

The dame that resembles a gothic pillar, asked me if it was true that the Pope has excommunicated the Portuguese and prohibited them to tell their beads. She has heard, it seems, of the present squabbles between the courts of *Rome* and *Lisbon*; and I suppose that besides the antipathy which animates the Spanish and Portuguese vulgar against each other, her good landlords the friars side with his holiness, when they discourse over such matters at their inn. This in all probability put her upon asking me those ridiculous questions. I answered them in the negative, got again into my chaise, crossed a large forest of green oaks, and bit their acorns to beguile the way. Indeed they taste very much like chesnuts. There are none such in our western parts

of Italy, and I never heard of any in the eastern, which I have not yet visited. On a pinch I think they would do for food, both raw and roasted.

At *Navál Morál* we alighted to bait, and, while the calefferos were eating, I went to see a church just by the Posada. There they were singing a great mass at the sound of an organ, of which the tubes, instead of pointing straight upwards, as in all organs I ever saw, lie reclined outwards and hang down towards the people below, presenting their extremities in the form of trumpets' ends. A friar was playing on that odd organ with astonishing mastery. I wondered to see many women in the church who sat about on their heels, wholly hidden by their black mantles, and with many small wax candles lighted before them, I asked the meaning of those lights, and was answered that the women who had them before, were widows who lighted them in order to ease the souls of their dead

dead husbands. I don't know whether the number of their respective candles implied the number of their respective husbands. Some had but one, some two or three, some so far as seven. Perhaps they only indicate their greater or less degrees of devotion or affection.

Nocturnal Postscript from the Calzada de Oropeza. Coming out of *Navál Morál*, we entered another forest quite as fine as that of *Ardenna*, so celebrated in our romances, in which knight-errants used formerly to go in search of adventures. After a good league it opened into a vast plain limited on both sides by high mountains, the tops of which, especially those on my left, were covered with snow, in defiance of the sun that shines again very hot. I had not been sensible of its force these three days past, because the morning rains and the evening mists blunted the sharpness of its beams. But to-day I have felt its fury again, as much as when I was on the

the other side of the *Extremaduran* hills. It has made me so tawney since I first saw the mouth of the *Tagus*, that, if it continues to roast me a fortnight longer, you will on my reaching home mistake me for the black king in *Metastasio's Dido*; or at least for an outgrown Savoyard-boy of those who roll down *Mount-Cenis* and *Mount-Genevre* every year about October, and go to play the Chimney-sweepers about Piedmont and Lombardy.

This *Calzada* is the best village I have as yet seen since I left *Lisbon*; and my present *Posadera*, though a young woman, is not so shy as all the young women I have met with on this road. She loves to talk and ask questions, and we prated together for above an hour. Amongst other things she has assured me, that the women of this place are the most modest in all Spain. She pities me for going to Madrid, where *Las Mujeres son muy atrevidas*, Women are very audacious, as her husband has told her, who

who was there but last month for a whole week. To calm her kind uneasiness with regard to my journey there, I have given her my word, that, if ever I marry in Spain, I will positively come to the *Calzada* for a wife, and beg of her to help me to the best, which she has cordially promised to do, and wishes it may be soon.

May be you will find fault with my telling this and other petty transactions of mine. But consider that I cannot every moment have an earthquake ready at hand, nor pompous patriarchs at every step, nor kings playing the masons, nor loads of Jesuits shipp'd off for *Civita Vecchia*. Such grand topics do not occur every day, and of something I must fill my letters, or break the plan of my journal. Thus I write about literature when I am just come out of a library, and scribble about my landlady when at an inn. A man who is giving a full account of his travels I hope you consider

sider as an historian ; and you know that historians, like death, must knock *æquo pede*, at the beggar's as at the king's door.

L E T T E R XLVII.

Hogs in numbers. A Spanish countess. A fellow still sober, and the pistol lost.

Talavera la Reyna, Oct. 1. 1760.

FROM the *Calzada* to this town the country is greatly better than that which I had left behind me ; nor do these people look so wretchedly poor as those who inhabit the hills of *Extremadura*. Many herds of swine are to be seen all along the way I have gone to-day, especially in a vast plain that lies under the *Cuesta de Oropeza* and about the *Venta Peralvanegas*, where the country at a distance appeared like a black carpet for a very considerable space. Thousands of those animals (all very black) are sent every week during the winter

winter to *Talavera*, *Toledo*, *Madrid*, and even to *Zaragozza*.

Oropeza is a town that gives its name to that *Cuesta* or *Hill*. A lady lives there in a castle just by the town, and is called *La Condesa de Oropeza*. She is much beloved throughout the country for her extensive charities and liberalities. From her windows a vast prospect is commanded. I wanted to mount the hill, go to put myself (*a sus pies*, and be a witness to the state kept by a Spanish countess when at her own country mansion : but the *Calefferos* persuaded me to the contrary. She is very old, they say, and has retired from court some years. Tho' she passes the greatest part of her time in the company of some *Franciscan* nuns, whose monastery is just by her castle, yet she lives with great splendour, and has *dueñas*, maids, chaplains, secretaries, pages, and livery-servants to the num-

(*a*) At her feet. It is the phrase used in Spain with the ladies, even those of the middle class.

ber

ber of a hundred at least. Her income amounts to near fifteen thousand pounds, as I am told, and her estate is to be shared after her death betwen the duke of *Alba* and that of *Medina Sidonia*.

In the plain adjacent to the hill, and on the left side of the great road as you come from the *Calzada*, the Franciscan friars have a convent which contains forty of them. It makes a great figure from without, but I did not stop to visit it. A little further is *Venta Peralvanegas* a sorry house, where I threw myself on a bed and made my *Siesta*; that is, I slept an hour, because the weather was insupportably hot. My dinner I had eaten in the chaise two hours before, and we had stopped at a petty town or village, called *Torralva*, to drink an *azumbre*; so they call a wine-measure, which contains about half a gallon: but in some places this measure is more and in others less than at *Torralva*, as I am informed by the calefieros, who have this sort of know-

ledge

ledge at their fingers' end. When I want to be familiar with them, I call one of them *el Conde Borracho*, (that is *Dom Manuelo*) the other *el Marqués Bota*, and Batiſte *el Señor Don Azumbre*. They are now so well accustomed to these appellations, that they call each other by these names; and these are some of my petty expedients to solace my journey. They had jointly told me that at *Torralva* the wine was excellent; and the lovers of *Lipari* or *Gensáno*, one a Roman, the other a Neapolitan wine, would find that my men are right.

Here you will say, that I am grown very studious about wines, and are going to imagine that the English have spoiled me. The English have indeed accustomed me to drink a little more than I would perhaps ever have done, had I never quitted home. The bottle is their chief incitement to sociableness; and too great is the number of those amongst them who could scarcely ever be chear-

ful without it. Yet I am still temperate ; and my notice of the wines produced by these regions, is not out of kindness to the bottle, but, in humble imitation of all other travellers, merely to heap up petty information when nothing more interesting is at hand.

After the *Siesta* I bad the calefferos to follow me at their leisure, and went out of the *Venta* with an intention to walk two or three miles. I had not gone thus a-foot a whole mile when I overtook a small body of soldiers who were for *Talavera* like myself.

Soldiers are people who will talk to you if you will talk to them : and I who am as much a friend to conversation as the best of them all, presently joined them, told them almost without any preamble who I was, whence I came, and whither I was going, and heard as much of them, together with the name of their regiment and of their colonel. They did not walk very fast, to keep pace with a couple
of

of asses that carried their luggage. An officer commanded them who marched before, mounted upon a nag so very lean, that (*a*) *Rozinante* had been a *Brigliadoro* to it. The gentleman did not seem desirous to enter into conversation with me; so I let him alone, and mixed with them.

Amongst many other things I asked whether any of them had ever travelled out of their kingdom. Two of them had, one by sea, the other by land. He who had been at sea, fell once into the power of an English privateer. But, said he, *en la tierra de aquellos hereges la carcel es cosa espantable y de muy grande horror.* “*In the land of those hereticks a jail is a frightful thing and of the greatest horror:*” and to avoid being thrown into it, he took party amongst the sailors, and lived on board the privateer better than a year, during which time he applied

(*a*) *Rozinante* was *Don Quixote's horse*, and *Brigliadoro* was *Orlando's*.

so closely to their language, that he can now tell from one to twenty. Though the English are hereticks, added he, yet they are *muy valientes*, “*very valiant*” manage a ship as well as the Spaniards, *y no tienen miedo de aquellos* (a) *Gavachos de Franceses, que, por vida de Santo Antonio son peores de los Ingleses*; “and are “not at all afraid of the contemptible “French, who, by St. Anthony’s life, are “worse than the English.” Their way of eating, continued the soldier, is different from ours. They don’t like much garlick, onions, *pimentón*, (Spanish pepper), *garvanzos* (chick-peas) or *abadejo* (salt fish), so that I accustomed myself to eat *salte befe* with them, and could *dranke der bere*, which is *un bino hecho de agua*; “*a wine made with water.*” The Eng-

(a) Gavácho is an injurious appellation bestowed on the French by the Spanish vulgar. I know of no satisfactory etymology of this word. The Piedmontese call the Savoyards (and often the French) Gaváss; and Gaváss means a Derby-neck, or a man that has a Derby-neck.

lish sailors, instead of *Pedro Capón*, used to call me *Spani Monqui*; which words, by the help of his face, I could easily translate into *Spanish monkey*.

The other fellow was still more diverting than *Pedro Capón*. No man have I ever heard lye with so brazen a face, and with so great a volubility of tongue. He had been a corporal in the wars of Italy (now he is *caposquadra*, a sergeant) and was in the siege of *Cuneo* that was carried on by the joint armies of Spain and France in the last war.

Instead of being a town (as it is), and instead of being chiefly surrounded with a mound of earth and faggots, (as it was at that time) *Cuneo*, said my *Capo-squadra*, is a castle encompassed with no less than seven marble-walls, each very high and very thick; so that, after having taken the first, as we did in the first attack, we had only the seventh part of the business done. *Aquel maldito Castillo*, continued the man, *es sin duda mas grande y*

mas fuerte del tan nombrado Castillo de Milan: "that cursed castle is doubtless much larger and stronger than that most renowned at Milan." Both his companions and myself were ready to cry at his pathetic description of the hardships he had there undergone, along with the infant Don Philip, que se mostrò allá tan bizarro en pelear como qualquiera de nos otros; "who there showed himself as stout in fight as any of us." Bombs, carcasses, and cannon-balls cayan a diluvio en el campo del Castillo, de lo Exercito Savoyano, y de muchas otras partes, y con todo ésto los pobres soldados no tenian que comer si no la nieve de aquellas malditas montañas que llaman los Apeninos: "fell as a deluge from the castle, from the Savoyard army, and from divers other parts; and for all that the poor soldiers had nothing to eat but the frozen snow of those cursed mountains called the Appenines."

It was with difficulty that I put a serious face upon these and other lies and ab-

absurdities of the brave *caposquadra*, each raised upon the back of the other with an astonishing velocity of imagination. Little did the fellow think that he was talking to one, who had been two years at Cuneo, assisting at those fortifications, which I left but a few days before that siege : but instead of spoiling my sport with untimely contradiction, I gave him so much encouragement by my remarks on his accounts, that I made him roll蒙tade away a hundred times more than he would otherwise have done.

With these discourses, intermixed with some singing and playing from time to time, we had advanced little less than three leagues before I was aware of it, such was the pleasure I took in the company of my fellow-travellers. The caleferos did not appear, and I gave myself no trouble about them. We saw a *Quinta*; that is, a country-house, which belongs to some friars, very large and very well built. The heat, walk, and talk,

had by this time made us all very thirsty; therefore we left the great road, went to it, and begg'd of the lay-friar who has it in custody, to let us have some wine for love or money. The rude fellow, casting a look of disdain upon us, and pointing to a certain place, informed us that there was a well there. I don't know whether I grew pale or red with anger at this unexpected reception. However I expostulated in the mildest terms; but he was inexorable with regard to the officer and soldiers, and would do no more than order an old witch of a maid to fetch me some wine in an earthen pot. I was within an inch of throwing the pot into his face; but abstained, because I saw the officer and soldiers stand silent. The officer only said *da gracias a tu habito*; "*thank thy coat*," and beckoned to his men to go to the well. Such a number of soldiers in France, would in such a case have behaved with much less moderation; or, to say better, no French friar would

would dare to behave as the Spanish did with French soldiers. They told me after, that in Spain soldiers and friars are no friends ; and they might as well have said that they are mortal enemies. The friar refused a bribe I offered, considerable enough as I thought for a lay-friar. Indignation ruffled the forehead of my companions, and a desire of revenge was presently shadowed after the strong manner of *Caravaggio* in all their eyes. We turned our backs in full silence, the soldiers with a scheme in their heads, and I much scandalized at the savage inurbanity of the friar.

About half a mile from the *Quinta* we found ourselves by the side of an ample vineyard, which the soldiers knew to belong to the good fathers of the *Quinta*. The liquor they had *not* drank, kindled their military spirits in a moment, and the demon of devastation took possession of the whole detachment. They broke thro' a thick and thorny hedge that screened the

the vineyard from the passengers' rapacity, tore down the grapes, trampled upon them, broke or pulled out the vines, together with the poles that supported them, and in a short time did so much mischief, that for some years not half an *azumbre* will be got in the space of a mile; nor did they give over until they were perfectly tired, taking care however to carry out as many bunches as it was possible for each to hold in both his hands.

The officer all this while rode calmly forwards, and never turned his head to them, that he might not know what they were doing, and I stood by the asses, a witness of their fury.

Another hour brought us to *Talavera*, very well refreshed with eating the plundered grapes, and at the gate we parted company. They went I know not where, and I to the *Posada*, where my calefferos arrived a little after with *Batiste*. I asked them if they had taken notice of the ruined vineyard. They had;

had; but could not imagine how it had happened. I told them in the presence of the *Pofadero* and his wife, and asked if the soldiers were liable to be punished for such an offence. Punished? said the woman. It is the friar that ought to be punished, not the poor men. Every body there was pleased to hear of this exploit, and it seems that the low people here bear as great a hatred to the friars as the soldiers themselves, though I had brought a notion with me, that the Spanish vulgar have all friars in the utmost veneration.

To this adventure which made me laugh, I must add another that vexed me. After having walked three or four miles from the *Venta Peralvanegas*, I found that my coat grew insupportably heavy. One of the soldiers offered to carry it for me, and I readily stripped, nor did I think of putting it on again until we were in sight of this town. In the pockets of it there was a short pistol with

with an handkerchief which I did not miss till we reached the *Posada*. This made me go about in search of the fellows. I met with one; then with two; then with two more. *Cavalleros*, said I, one of you deserves not to be your fellow-soldier. He has robbed me of a pistol; but the theft will be of no use to him. It is the fellow to this; and you see that it cannot be charged if it is not unscrewed with this iron; besides that the balls must be of a particular mould: so that instead of a pistol, he has stolen but a bit of steel that will send him to the gallies.

They seemed much displeased at this piece of intelligence, but could have no guess at the thief, as my coat had been carried by turns, now by one, now by another; but they promised to go and enquire after it, and to come to the *Posada* if the pistol was found, as they thought it would be.

Two hours after, as I was at supper, four of them came, every one so drunk
that

that they could hardly stand. Where is my pistol, *Cavalleros*? *Señor* we are come to tell you that the pistol is not yet found, but you shall certainly have it *a mañana*, “*to-morrow.*” Very well, said I peevishly and disgusted to see them so much in liquor: Come *a mañana*, and you shall have the doubloon I promised. *Si Señor, Si Señor*; but be so good to order us some little wine to drink your health. Saying this one of them extended a dirty paw, and seized a great handful of a fallad I had before me, while another grasped one of my roasted partridges. What is this, ye *Majaderos del Diablo*, cry’d I. I beat a brass candlestick into the face of the fellow that had brought the fallad to his mouth, and pulling and cocking the pistol, the terror of it delivered me of them in an instant, one with a mouth full, one with the partridge, one with a shoulder half demolished by a tumble against the door, and one with as hard a kick in his posteriors as Batiste could give.

Many

Many people ran at the noise, but the rascals were gone; and thus ended our tender friendship. I sat down again to my supper with words quick, angry, and loud: but cooled by degrees, and ended my repast in tolerable good humour, very glad that no worse had happened. The *Posadera* and her maids danced a *Fandango* under the portico, and when that was over I went to my quill as usual. It has now struck eleven, and no soldier has appeared; so that I give up the pistol for lost.

LETTER XLVIII.

Another ugly affair. Silk and earthen manufactures. A dialogue with a Corregidor, and a new calessero.

Zevolla, Oct. 2, 1760.

A Proverb says that he who reckons without his host reckons twice; and this is my present case. I intended to set out early this morning and had given

given order to be awaked at four. At four I was awaked, not to be told that the mules were put to, but that I could not set out, because that the chaises had been ordered to stay where they were.

By whom and why? By the *Corregidor*, and because of your Portuguese Caleffero. The rogue has quarrelled last night, and given a stab with his knife to a young man of the house. And where is the fellow? The Posadero caused him to be arrested, and the *Corregidor* being immediately apprised of it, has sent him to jail. I wonder you did not hear the noise: but you were tired with walking and slept soundly.

And so, Dom Manuelo is in jail? I am sorry for the stab; but it is very well that he is clapp'd up. We shall be troubled no longer with him. The old rascal has made me mad enough, getting drunk at every Posada, and quarrelling every night with every body.

While

While I was thus discoursing with Baste and some others, a lady, whom by her *Mantilla* (*white veil*) I thought Spanish, though she was not, addressed me in Castilian, and told me, that as a *Cavallero* I ought to go to the *Corregidor*, and sollicit him to take off the embargo on the chaises, amongst which there was hers, which gave her the greatest concern as she wanted to be at *Madrid* upon business of the utmost importance. The *Corregidor*, she said, is the chief magistrate in this town, and if you do not go to him, you may possibly stay in *Talavera* much longer than you have a mind.

This piece of advice was most welcome. Without giving myself time to recollect that it was too early, I went straight to the *Corregidor's*, but could not see him because he was asleep, and was told that he would not be visible till ten; perhaps till eleven, or perhaps till twelve.

This was provoking, but could not be helped. I went back to the *Posada*, and there breakfasted and chatted with the lady, a very gentlewoman-like person. She told me that she was a native of Switzerland and married to a Frenchman who had lived about ten years in *Talavera*, superintending a silk-manufacture. That the Director-general of that manufacture, another Frenchman, had been for several years a great man there, as Marquis *De la Ensenada* proved his steady friend during all the time he was Prime Minister. That after the Marquis's fall, the power of that Director suffered some diminution, and that but a few days ago he had been arrested and sent in irons to *Madrid* under a charge of malversation. That it was her opinion he would get poorly off, as it was notorious that he had squandered some millions of reals in giving treats, gaming, and maintaining theatrical princesses. That in his bright days he had conceived a great friendship for

her husband and made him his Secretary and chief confident, for which reason her husband had likewise been arrested and sent to *Madrid* three days before.

I am sorry for this, interrupted I; and I wish that your husband had never been acquainted with a man of the character you give to the Director-general. I hope he is not involved in the crime, but am afraid his judges will think him an accomplice, as he has long been acquainted with the Director's bad practices, yet has not given notice of them to the King's ministers time enough to save a part of those millions.

As to this, answered the lady, I am perfectly easy, because the Director had obtained from the last King such a despotic power over all the persons employed in the manufacture, that he could, without appeal, sentence to jail, and even to the gallies, whomsoever he thought proper; and as that power had never been recalled by the new King, every

every body's mouth was effectually stopp'd, as it would have been most dangerous to offend him, or only to fall under his suspicion.

But, besides this, continued the lady, my husband has another reason to plead, and that is, that during the last four years he has incessantly follicited his own dismission, which the Director would never grant. My husband will now tell the motive that induced him to wish for that dismission, which was that on one side he saw the Director squander away the monies assignd to the manufacture, together with the profits arising from it, and on the other he dared not open his lips for fear of a jail or worse.

How far these reasons will operate in favour of her husband, I know not. But as she intends to set out forthwith and go to *Madrid* to complain aloud of the treatment he has met with, I raised no objection, that I might not damp her spirits, well knowing that it is always ad-

vantageous in such cases not to appear dismayed, and to set off injured innocence with bold and energetick rhetorick.

I was much taken with the good sense and nimbleness of tongue of my Swiss lady, and giving her room for further discourse, she informed me that about ten years ago some Frenchmen, fugitives from *Lyons*, went to establish the above silken manufacture at *Talavera*. They were greatly encouraged by the Spanish ministry, especially by the Marquis *De la Ensenada*, who put it upon so respectable a footing, that it became an important object in a very little time.

It must be owned to the honour of the French, that in these sorts of affairs they are the most industrious, active, and enterprising people under the sun. England, Holland, and other countries know it, some to their advantage, some to the contrary. I have known several of them in several parts, who had this singular

turn of mind: but the reverend father *Norbert*, already mentioned, was my hero above them all in this respect.

Without a penny when he landed in England, without knowing a word of the language, and with only a few letters of recommendation in his pocket, father Norbert bestirred himself so well, that he began a tapestry manufactory, in which I saw little less than a hundred people employed. He found means of getting into favour with the principal nobility and gentry of that kingdom, and went on in his undertaking at such a rate, that had he been less vain and vicious, he would have raised in a few years a desirable estate. But who can give wisdom to a Frenchman whom fortune befriends? The man, like the above director-general, gave himself up to all manner of expence, was soon obliged to fly the country, keep himself concealed in several places, and at last take refuge in *Portugal*, where still he has so well

contrived as to obtain a large pension, which he is to deserve by scribbling against his old enemies the Jesuits. I had a glimpse of him in the English coffee-house at *Lisbon*, and heard that he had changed his name from *Parisot* to *Platel*, as he had done before from *Norbert* to *Parisot*. It is not in Portugal and in other countries as in England, where there are laws against changing one's name: but the good capuchin never troubled himself much with any law. A wonderful man! Neither the monastic life, nor the long beard; neither the study of theology, which he was obliged to follow for more than twenty years, nor his missionary peregrinations in many parts of the East-Indies; neither sickness, nor old age, could ever subdue that national spirit of enterprize which led him to set up as a manufacturer in England, where he managed all his numerous dependants with as much facility as I do Batiste.

And

And here let me say it by the by, that I should be glad to have the point thoroughly discussed by some able casuist, how far the prejudice caused to one's own native country by carrying into another some peculiar branch of useful trade, is reconcilable with the laws of morality.

The clock at last struck ten, and I quitted the lady to go to the *Corregidor*. At his door was a tall fellow wrapp'd up in an ample black-cloak with a large flapp'd hat on his head, exactly after the manner of the custom-officers at *Badajoz*. He had a white rod in his hand and looked very grave. *Cavallero*, said I, can I pay my respects to the *Señor Corregidor*? He turned his head another way. Can I, repeated I in a louder tone, and pulling him lightly by the cloak, can I pay my respects to the *Corregidor*? I know not, answered he: but you may knock and ask *Señora Fernanda*. I knock'd, and the *Señora* came to the door. She is old and ugly. What does *Usted* want? (*Usted*

stands for *you Sir*) Will you please, *Señora*, to let the corregidor know that a stranger would be glad to speak a word with *Su Mercéd*? I recollect after, that she look'd sour at the word *Mercéd*.

And who is your *Mercéd*, asked the old madam.

I am a stranger, I tell you, quite unknown to the corregidor. But an accident happens that forces me to give him this trouble.

He is getting up, replied *Fernanda*, and I will go to tell him that you want to see him.

Mil gracias a su cortesía, said I: but the *cortesía* was, that she made me wait in the street for more than an hour, though it rained a little, and though I had no *capa* (*black cloak*) as the fellow of the white rod, whom I never could induce to interchange a period with me by way of passing time, though I addressed him repeatedly.

The

The door at last was unbolted, and *Fernanda* showed me into a large room on the ground-floor, the whole furniture of which consisted of little more than a thick chesnut-table, and an old-fashioned arm-chair made of the same wood. The corregidor sat there *pro tribunali*, with paper and ink before him.

Having been told that he was the chief magistrate of the place, and a kind of governor in it, I was a little startled to find him dressed in a very dirty night-gown with a white cotton cap not very clean on his head. The reception he gave me was just such as an emperor would give a hangman. I made my best bow, but he look'd me steadily in the face, and was motionless. Yet I summoned up all my temper, and told my case in the most laconic terms, which brought about the following scene.

*Dramatis Personæ.**Myself and Corregidor.*

M. “ I come to intreat *Ustéd* that you
“ order my calessero to be hanged if you
“ think it proper ; but that you give me
“ leave to look for another.”

C. “ To be sure, *Ustéd* is to look for
“ another, not I. I don’t look for calef-
“ feros.”

M. “ *Ustéd* mistakes my meaning. I
“ don’t want *Ustéd* to do it. I want only
“ to be gone : but cannot, if *Ustéd* does
“ not recal the order given last night
“ that no chaise leave the Posada ; and
“ this is the only thing I came to beg of
“ *Ustéd*.”

C. “ And is *Talavera la Reyna* so very
“ bad a town, that you want to leave it
“ in such a hurry ?

M. “ I think *Ustéd* is in jest. Good or
“ bad, that is nothing to me. I want to
“ be gone, and cannot without your re-
vocation

“ vocation of that order ; so far at least
“ as it regards me.”

C. “ I am not in jest when I tell *Ustéd*,
“ that this is a very agreeable town to
“ live in.”

M. (*Speaking internally*) “ What sort
“ of a man is this ? Is he serious or in
“ jest ?” (*Speaking loud*) ; “ Be it so.
“ That again is nothing to me. I am
“ not come to Spain to admire or depre-
“ ciate *Talavera*. I want to go to *Ma-*
“ *drid* ; and an obstacle being put to my
“ journey, I come to the magistrate
“ that has power to remove it, and ask
“ him this plain question, Whether he
“ will permit me to go or not.

(*This was uttered in a fretful tone.*)

C. “ And who are you, Sir, who will
“ have every thing done directly, and in
“ your own way ?

M. “ Who I am is no great matter :
“ but here is a passport which will tell
“ you I am a traveller, and not a vag-
“ bond.”

Saying

Saying this I pull'd it out, and put it into his hand. It had been given me by Count *de Fuentes*, the Spanish ambassador to the British court.

The corregidor read it through with great composure; then returning it with an air of mockery, dismissed me with these words : *Usted saldrá a l' istante, si quiere, para Madrid. Usted sabe muy bien Español. Vaya Usted con la Madre de Dios.*
 " You shall instantly set out for Madrid,
 " if you chuse. You know Spanish very
 " well. Be gone in the name of God's mo-
 " ther." With these words he got up
 hastily, and walked off. I did the same
 another way, after having made a most
 respectful bow to *Señora Fernanda*, who,
 forsooth, would be a witness to the in-
 terview.

What an odd proceeding ! thought I as I was going along the street. To show himself to strangers in a night-gown and a greasy cap ! And what did he mean

by

by his sneering praise on my skill in Spanish? The man is a riddle.

I reached the posada and gave an account to the Swiss lady of the reception I had obtained, and was going to extol the corregidor's good sense and politeness.

Hold, hold, said she freely. You have behaved amiss all the while. Speaking Spanish, as you do, you ought to have known better than to term him *Usted*, especially with his house-keeper as soon as you saw her. A man of his rank and dignity is not to be addressed with a familiar *Usted*, or *Vuesa Mercéd*, but with a *Vuesenoria*, or *Usia*, or *Vuestra Señoria*. How can you be ignorant of these distinctions! He has certainly been offended at your haughtiness, or rather he wanted to divert himself with your clownishness, and puzzle you with *disparates*, (with *nonsense*), as he is a man to my certain knowledge of very good parts, very well

well bred, and not averse to foreigners, as many Spaniards are.

Be my knowledge of Spanish ever so great, said I, still the corregidor was wrong in taking a thing amiss, of which he might easily suppose me quite ignorant. He knows no language but his own, if he does not know that strangers can seldom be acquainted with such petty formalities but by practice, let them be ever so well acquainted with books. He ought at least to have asked me whether I had ever been in Spain, and it had been generous and worthy in him to have set me right at once.

To be sure, said she, he had done better to do so: but sometimes he has whims of his own.

And the greasy cap, said I. What have you to say to the greasy cap?

You are a new man in Spain, replied the lady, and do not know that people of still greater rank than his, in *Madrid* itself, will receive even grandes and ladies

dies in that manner. This custom of showing themselves in a cap, night-gown, and slippers, is so general in this country, and, old men especially, stick so close to it, that no body ever dreams of finding fault with it.

While we were thus discoursing, the man of the white rod came in, and scarcely raising his mushroom-hat, told us that the embargo was taken off, and we could depart when we pleased. The lady told me in French that it would have been proper to give him something, but I would not, because the fellow would not speak to me when I first saw him.

I had my landlord called, and desired him to find me another caleffero. Here is one ready, said he, pointing to a young spark whose face I liked little better than old *Dom Manuelo's*. What is thy name, friend? *Francisco* is my name. Well, *Francisco*, will thou take me to Madrid in that chaise? Yes. How much must I give thee? So much. Done. Go and

call *Yago*, put to, and let us be gone. Your bill, *Senor Posadero*. Here it is. And here is the money; and this *por las Alfileres a' la Muchacha*; “*for pin-money to the maid.*”

I took my leave of that sensible lady, and wished her success at Madrid with all my heart. She was presently in her chaise; but I could not get into mine an hour after, as *Yago* was gone to see his imprisoned friend. It was four when he came back, and would have passed the night in *Talavera*, but I would not.

Of that town I have not much to say, though I was almost a whole day in it. *Mariana*, the famous Spanish historian, was a native of that town, called *E'lborā* by the antient Romans. It seems a populous place and of much business. Besides the silken, there are several other manufactures, one in particular of earthen ware much esteemed throughout the country, that gives employment to some hundred of people. Some of its houses, churches,

churches, and other public buildings make a good appearance from without; an hospital especially, which, as I was told, receives between six and seven hundred sick, both from the town and from the adjacent country. Its territory, particularly from the vineyard plundered yesterday by the soldiers, to the town-gate, is one of the finest tracts of land I have yet seen, full of vines and fruit-trees of various kinds. A league from *Talavera*, and on this side, the *Tagus* is crossed again over a long wooden bridge. Stopping there to pay a small toll, I heard from *Francisco* that lengthening my journey only three leagues I could see *Toledo* and *Aranjuez*. Is it so? Then turn the mules' heads towards *Toledo*.

To-morrow night therefore I shall see that celebrated city, if none of my calefberos brings me acquainted with some other corregidor. Mean while I am in this village of *Zevolla*, four leagues dis-

tant from *Talavera*. I can say nothing of it, because I reached it late at night. I want my supper, having had no dinner.

LETTER XLIX.

Extempore Poetry. Observations upon travelling gentlemen. Towns grow thicker.

Toledo, Oct. 3, 1760.

DESIRING to reach Toledo betimes, I rose long before the sun : but as my people were not yet ready, I went part of the way a-foot, taking a lad of the posada to show it me.

The weather was delightfully calm and cool, and the moon could not be brighter. The lad had taken his guittar with him, and played as we went on. Having listened a while to his playing, I asked if he could sing ; but instead of an answer he gave me a long string of *Seguedillas* or *Coplas*. The first I took immediately down, and it was thus :

*La Luna sta dorada,
Y las estrellas
Haziendonos favores,
Alumbran bellas.*

A thought so happily and so delicately expressed, made me judge it to be the beginning of some composition universally known; and I was just going to admire his ingenuity in applying it so quickly to the present circumstance, when he went on without hesitating the tenth part of a minute.

*Un rato de paseo
Bien de mañana
Si la gente no miente
Es cosa sana.*

This was easily expressed likewise, though not so elegantly as the first; yet it began to startle me more than that. He went on too fast for my pencil to follow; and of the many stanzas that succeeded, I could only catch this, which was the last of a considerable number.

*La Virgen del Rosario
 Mi Cavallero
 Accompane de passo
 Hasta Toledo.*

My spirits were thrown into a sort of a hurry the moment I found out that the fellow was making his *Seguedillas* extempore, and perceived him to go on with such a rapidity, as if he had been oppressed by the keeping of them in his mind, and had wanted to relieve himself from a burthen by discharging them.

Here I must tell you, that for several days past I had entertained a strong suspicion, that this country swarmed with extempore singers or poets, call them as you please. Yet that suspicion I scarcely dared to own to myself, for fear of appearing ridiculous in my own eyes, still calling to mind, that, of the many who have given us accounts of Spain, none ever dropped the least hint about it, and that there is no Spanish writer who ever let

let foreigners into this extraordinary characteristick of his nation.

It was in the town of Elvas that such a suspicion first stole into my mind : and I well remember, that, when the brownish *Teresuela* sung, I thought it very strange she should touch upon some actual particularities, and, amongst other things, bring the names of *Catalina* and *Paolita* into one stanza, with a word of affectionate praise to each of them.

This suspicion became stronger and stronger almost every time I heard people sing, which was generally twice a day. One of the soldiers the day before yesterday was very near putting an end to my doubts, but that I could not bear the obscenity of his *Seguedillas*, and bid him to forbear, which he did instantly. My young rustick has at last happily changed my doubts at once into the most absolute certainty.

The pleasing fellow went on, saying (always to the guittar) that *I was wise*

for walking while it was cool, and riding when it grew hot. He mentioned several birds that welcome the morn with their chirping, and spoke of the fowler who gets up betimes to go and shoot partridges. By degrees he came to speak of me, and assured me that he valued much the honour of showing me part of the way. He took notice of my liberality to an old beggar at the *Posada*, to whom I suppose I gave an *ochavo* or two; and, by way of a hint, brought in his own mother, *who is old and poor*. What signifies enumerating his simple thoughts? He concluded his composition with the above prayer in my favour to his *Virgen del Rosario*.

His thoughts to be sure were simple, and the greatest part of them cloathed with uncouth words. The first and third lines of every quatrain never rhymed together. In the second and fourth sometimes the rhyme came in exact, as in *estrellas* and *bellas*; sometimes there was only a similarity of sound, as in *Cavallero* and *Todo*.

do. That similarity of sound was still more imperfect in some other of his *Afsonancias*, (as the Spaniards term them) one of which was *dicho* and *finos*, and another *prendas* and *seña*. Yet he broke out now and then into such prettinesses, and even elegancies, as would have done honour to some of our Roman Arcadians. For my part, I did not much mind the propriety or impropriety of his expressions, and the accuracy or inaccuracy of his rhymes. It was the sudden discovery of extempore poetry in Spain, that swallowed all my attention; and had his performance been ten times better or ten times worse than it was, still I could only consider it on this account. This was to me of great importance, as national peculiarities are the game which a traveller ought chiefly to pursue.

I asked him whether he could sing any of those romances that are in books. By a *romance* the Spaniards commonly mean a composition made up of such stanzas

as those that are termed *Coplas* or *Seguedillas*, which they often sing, or of short unrhymed verses, which they only recite in a particular chaunting tone. Such *romances* generally relate some miracle, some devout story, or some adventure of love and war. The number of these compositions is inconceivable in this country.

I know *romances* enough, said the lad: but *no de libros, que yo no sé leer*. “None of those contained in books, because I can not read.”

His reason for his ignorance was satisfactory: but I wanted to know whether every body in his village could sing extempore like him, and never could make him understand my meaning, as I knew of no word in his language equivalent to our verb *improvvisare*, “to sing extempore,” or to our noun *improvvisatore*, “an extempore singer.”

Cantan tus paisanos y tus amigos de repente y sin libro como tu? “Do your townsmen and friends sing without premeditation?”

"*tion and without the assistance of books as you do?*"

Yo no sé cantar de repente, said he. *Que es repente? Yo no sé lo que es. Usté perdone, yo no entiendo la habla de su merced.* He did not know the meaning of the word *repente*, and begged my pardon for not knowing my worship's language.

In mi aldea, continued he with great simplicity, *pocos libros hay. Todos cantan sin libro. Todos cantan y pocos leen.* "In my village there are but few books. All sing without a book. Few can read, but all can sing." And this was all that I could possibly get out of him for my want of a vulgar equivalent of the word *extempore*, which I knew not how to translate, but by the adverb *de repente*.

However, from this imperfect information I think myself intitled to pronounce, that from the torrent *Caya* to the town of *Toledo* many people can sing extempore, some better, some worse than my informer, each according to his proportion

portion of parts and abilities. It is probable at least, that all attempt to do it; and, if so, that many succeed in this kind of exercise of the imagination. That it is very common in the village of *Zevolla*, and that the greatest part of its inhabitants can sing extempore as well as this lad, I do not doubt. It is very plain that, if he was any way singular, and did what his townsmen could not do, they would have made him aware of it by their admiration, and given him by degrees a better opinion of his abilities than he seems to have. But he is by them considered in proportion to his rank in life; that is, he is not considered at all: and this to me is a conclusive proof, that with regard to them he does nothing extraordinary when he throws his thoughts such as they are, extemporarily into metre, or, to speak more exactly, he does only that, which every body else can do with as much facility as himself. However, I shall soon be in *Madrid*, where I

hope to do more than argue. Bear with the eagerness of my temper. I fear I shall scarcely sleep until I have cleared up this matter to my full satisfaction.

Mean while I am sure of this, that this faculty of singing extempore does not belong exclusively (as I always thought) to the Italians, or, to speak with more correctness, to the Tuscans. Perhaps the extempore poetry of the Tuscans is better upon the whole than that of the Spaniards, because the rules of criticism are more generally spread, as far as I could observe, through Tuscany than through any part of Estremadura, and frighten a smaller number of people there than in our country: But these are conjectures, grounded as yet upon slight information, which I must endeavour to enlarge. Mean while it seems, that the Spaniards never employ in their singing that sort of stanza which we call *ottava*, though they have it as well as ourselves, and though they make use of it, as we do,

do, in compositions of the epic kind. We employ it in our extempore compositions oftener than any other metre, but the Spaniards only make use in theirs of short lyrick measures, chiefly strings of *Seguedillas*, each consisting of four short lines, sometimes all four of equal measure, sometimes the second and fourth shorter than the first and third, sometimes the contrary. To such stanzas of four lines they will sometimes tag an *Estrevido*, which is a kind of second part consisting of only three lines. But all this, I suppose, depends on the tunes to which they chuse to sing; and of such tunes I have already taken notice that they have several. Here you have the *Seguedilla* followed by the *Estrevido*.

SEGUEDILLA.

*Porque todos me dicen
Que eres muy fino
Yo por esso he pensado
Que seas mio.*

Es-

ESTREVILLO.

*Que quiero sea
El que a mi me llevare
Como jalea.*

This was one of the many Seguedillas sung by *Teresuela* at *Elvas*. While singing she stole a pretty smile upon a young fellow, to whom, as I was told, she was soon to be married, and he bowed to her for it. The words, the smile, and the bow gave me the first hint of the Spanish extempore singing, and a few more of that girl's lines put it in my mind to turn my attention towards the ascertaining of this Spanish characteristic, which I think is now nearly effected.

In a language however, so versatile as the Spanish, so easily thrown into measure, and used by people who will not stick close to regular rhymes, it cannot be very difficult to form such compositions as those quoted above. But the greater

greater the facility, the less must likewise be the delight to a delicate ear; and it is sure, that, if instead of taking great liberties with their measures as they do, and using *rimas* and *assonancias* just as it happens, they would subject themselves (like the Tuscans) to exact forms of stanzas and exact rhymes; it is evident, I say, that the pleasure of seeing several great difficulties give way at once before a warm and rapid imagination, would be little short of ecstasy to him who is sensible to the charms of poetry. This would be an approach towards the perfection of the art of *improvvisare*, which would prove the most delightful of all arts, was it ever carried to perfection: but this, I am afraid, will never be done either by Spaniards or Italians. The man among those I have heard, who carried this power furthest, was one *Giovanni Sibiliato* in Venice. Though but a mean tradesman, he was a man of very great parts, and a close and constant reader

reader of our best poets. It is not impossible but that many in Spain subject themselves to strict rhymes and regular metres, as the Tuscans generally do; but I fear it will not be in my power to stay so long in this kingdom as to decide with tolerable justness which of the two nations deserves the preference upon this subject.

Be the Spanish *Improvvisatori* better or worse than ours, don't you think it strange that no traveller ever mentioned them? That no native ever did, I am pretty certain, as I never found any thing approaching towards such an information in the considerable number of Spanish books that I have looked into when I was young. Yet I am not surprized at the general silence of Spanish authors upon this head. Little do people think of writing to the world what they suppose generally known: and if extempore singing is quite familiar, as you will begin to believe, to the generality of the Spaniards,

Spaniards, no wonder if they all think, that all nations can do in their respective languages what their countrymen can do in their own, the lowest individuals not excepted, and of course omit to give the world such an information.

But that no stranger travelling amongst them should ever have taken notice of a practice so very uncommon in other countries, and likewise so easily to be noted throughout this, is what appears to me still more surprising than the practice itself. Yet such is the inattention with which travellers cross countries, even those who do it with their quills in their hands! When they have copied out of each other's books that the Spaniards are proud, grave, and idle; the French volatile, confident, and talkative; the Italians cunning, jealous, and superstitious; the English rude, inhospitable, and philosophical, the greatest part of itinerary writers think they have done great matters, and that they are intitled

to challenge abundance of respect from their own countrymen. For my part I have long looked upon one part of them with the abhorrence due to propagators of prejudices, falsehoods, and calumnies; and upon the other with that contempt that ought to be the lot of superficial, impertinent, and careless observers. Think of the thousands and thousands who have visited Greece and Turkey century after century! Think of their abilities in describing broken stones and copying defaced inscriptions, or in unravelling the politicks of the Divan, and the intrigues of the Seraglio! Yet a custom of Greece and Turkey no less singular than useful, none of our numberless travellers could ever discover; and it was a lady at last, who brought the western world acquainted with inoculation, to the eternal honour of half a million of travelling gentlemen.

The Calesferos overtook me at a village called *Carrichéz*, about two leagues from *Zevolla*; and there I was obliged

to part company with my poetical lad. Were I a man of fortune, I would have taken him along with me, and made him rather my companion than my servant. But being, as Henry IV used to say of himself, more provided with liberality than with the means of using it, I was forced to let him go back. However, if I could not treat him in the manner his pretty genius deserved, I did not forget what he had so timely suggested, that he had a poor mother.

I got into my chaise, crossed *Zenindote*, saw the castle of *Barziente* on an eminence at some distance, and about nine stopped to bait at *Rialves*. The country, I see, grows populous as I go on. At Rialves I entered into conversation with the Curate, whom I found talking with the *Possaderos*, and asked him several questions about the custom of *improvvisare*; but not having Spanish enough to explain my meaning, never could I make him understand the difference between premeditated and

and extempore poetry. I was still puzzled by the word *extempore*, for which I could not find an intelligible equivalent. He called me *caro amigo* (*dear friend*) at every word: a piece of urbanity for which I thank him; and displayed a great deal of poetical knowledge, which I did not want.

At four in the afternoon we crossed a river called *Guadarrama* over an indifferent bridge, and at five reached Toledo. At the gate my trunks were visited, but only *pro forma*; that is, only opened and shut. From that gate we mounted an ascent considerably steep for a quarter of a mile, and alighted at a *Posada*, the appellation of which, literally translated into Italian, French, or English, would sound very profanely: but the Spaniards deal in religious expressions in a manner, that would shock even atheists in other countries; and thus they call *La Sangre de Christo* an inn, which in any town of

England would scarcely be thought a fit habitation for the lowest of mankind.

L E T T E R L.

*A cathedral grand and rich. An Alcazar.
The Mozarabick right. Ximenes' deeds.
Abulcacim's history. A brass-giant in a
cave. A synagogue. Charles V and
Navagero.*

Toledo, Oct. 4, 1760.

AS this town is built upon a considerable eminence, it strikes from afar with its cupolas and steeples, with what is still standing of its Alcazar, and with its surrounding wall, ornamented with a large number of turrets. But the greatest part of its houses are meanly built, the squares irregular, the streets narrow, badly paved, and not very clean.

However, I do not grudge the three leagues I have added to my journey, as this cathedral alone is well worth going a hun-

a hundred. It is a gothic (*a*) edifice that can almost vie for amplitude with that of Milan. It has three wide naves; and some of its lateral chapels would be reckoned to be pretty large churches in many an European town. It is pity that it is not high enough for its width and length. The noseless figures in the front of that at Exeter I could easily count; but not so those that are in the front of this, which are all noseless likewise. It is observable that gothic architects seldom failed to croud the fronts of churches with statues or figures in bass-relief.

We cannot wonder at this cathedral being all built of free-stone, nor at the quantities of marble in several of its parts, because marble and free-stone abound on every side in this rocky region. But we must wonder at the multitude and costliness of its decorations. Think of the

(*a*) *Mr. Clarke says, that it is “not remarkably large;” yet it is larger than any Gothic cathedral in his country.*

steps of an altar made of silver, and of some silver-statues enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds ! The hand of profusion shows itself in such a manner throughout these decorations, as if those who ordered them had been at a loss what to do with the amplest treasures. Besides those silver steps, there is a very large grate, the bars of which are of silver likewise; and besides those silver-statues, there is a pretty considerable number of those that are of brass or of marble, some of which came from so far as Rome, which, together with their exquisite workmanship, makes them be rated as high as if they were of silver.

Then there are tabernacles, shrines, ostensories, lamps, candlesticks, crosiers, mitres, chalices, crucifixes, reliquaries, &c. &c. some of gold and some of silver, almost all sparkling with large jewels of the most precious kind, with an infinity of small ones. But what do you say to a tabernacle of so enormous a weight, as

to

to require the united strength of thirty men to carry it in procession? Nor must I forget many changes of priestly vestments, made heavy by embroidery of pearls and precious stones. Those that are only embroidered with gold, are here considered so little, that they are put on every day; and the priests who celebrated the great mass this morning, I almost mistook at a distance for so many moving images of gold.

The greatest part of these (*a*) riches, the enumeration of which would take a large volume, are kept in several rooms and closets, and produced only on solemn festivals. What an indignation must rise in the breast of a needy tradesman at the sight of so large a stock uselessly locked

(*a*) Mr. Clark, speaking of this cathedral, slyly observes, that “much plunder might be got out of it.” The remark cannot be retorted upon St. Paul’s-church, or Westminster-abby, and it is well that it cannot. Yet a clergyman of Mr. Clark’s rigid way of thinking might have decently omitted such a suggestion, whatever his abhorrence of popish pageantry may be.

up in a church! A stock that, brought into commerce, would render opulent many thousands of individuals, and the whole nation happy! What a pity the Spaniards are not wise!

There are also several grand monuments of Kings, Queens, Archbishops, and other great people; and both the cieling and walls of the church are adorned with a vast number of pictures, of which the most surprizing is a St. Christopher so very gigantic, that *Boyardo's Caligorante* was but a dwarf in comparison. It is enough to tell you, that the toe of that saint is as big as my whole body.

A rite is used in this temple, which is called *Mozarab* or *Mozarabick*, originally instituted by a bishop of Seville called St. Isidore, who was a contemporary and friend to St. Gregory surnamed *The Great*. It seems as if St. Gregory had given St. Isidore the *Prefatio's* (as they call them) of the mass, which resemble much those that

that are practised in the Milanese church, and distinguished from the Roman rite by the appellation of Ambrosian.

This rite acquired the name of Mozarab, because it was preserved by those Christians, who, after the conquest made of Spain by the Morisco's, or Arabs, did not chuse to forsake their country, but lived amidst their conquerors, who suffered them to continue in the religion of their ancestors, and were so indulgent as to leave to them the greatest part of their churches. There is actually at Rome one Father *Lesleo*, a man of much ecclesiastical erudition, who is preparing for the press a Mozarabick missal, which he intends to illustrate with notes, and mark the difference between the Mozarabick, the Ambrosian, and the Roman rites.

How much the present service of Toledo differs from the antient, instituted as I said, by St. Isidore, I am not able to tell. The famous Mozarabick Missal and Breviary, which were printed by cardinal

Ximenes at the request of the Toletans, have, I think, been long out of use; and are perhaps only remembered by ecclesiastical antiquaries. Something however seems still to be retained in their ritual.

I fancy you will stare at these paragraphs when you come to read them, and think it very odd I should so familiarly talk of *Mozarabick*, *Ambrosian*, and *Roman* rites, well knowing that my studies never turned that way. But it was our old friend *Canonico Irigo*, who helped me to what I have here written about those rites. As I apprised him some months ago of my scheme to visit Spain, he wrote me a long letter from (*a*) *Trino* upon this subject of church-rites, and desired me, if ever I came to *Toledo*, to procure for him some information about the Mozarabick.

In compliance with his request I went early this morning to a learned priest, who

(*a*) *A small town in Monferrat.*

holds an employment in the library of this cathedral, and on my showing him my friend's letter, he promised kindly to send me to Madrid the best historical account that shall be possible of that rite, and of the several changes it has undergone ever since its first institution. If he keeps his word, as I am sure he will, the *Canonicos* will be made very happy, by such means as would give happiness to few other men. But there are people in this world, whose mental pleasures appear odd to the gross of mankind, and yet are far from being unreasonable. To search, as our *Canonicos* does, after antient institutions and customs that can contribute to display the various hues and turns of the human mind, and to mark the gradations of the changes they have undergone in the revolution of human affairs, will often be ridiculed and despised by men of shallow and circumscribed intellects; but will always deserve and obtain some degree

gree of commendation by men of liberal and extensive views.

I wanted to see the library of the cathedral, which, as I am told, contains an immense treasure of literature: but to-day it could not be opened, and to-morrow I intend to be gone. A man cannot stay long enough in every place to see every thing, especially when he has four men and four mules to feed.

Cardinal Ximenes above-named, was so great a benefactor to this cathedral, that a prayer for his soul is still said at the end of every mass celebrated in it. He was one of the greatest men that ever appeared. At once a great statesman, an intrepid soldier, a profound scholar, and a tolerable saint. Having been made archbishop of Toledo out of a poor Franciscan friar, and created cardinal soon after, he undertook two great things of a very dissimilar nature, that characterise him much to his honour, as they show
the

the vast capacity of his soul. The one was his ordering an edition of the Poliglot Bible, a work that employed for many years the most learned men of Spain : the other was, that he raised an army at his own expence, and sent it to conquer Oran in Africa for the crown of Spain, which has possessed it ever since. You have heard, that, next the pope, the archbishop of Toledo is the richest ecclesiastick in the world. Within this century however, a considerable part of his revenue has been curtailed : yet it is still so ample as not easily to be compared anywhere else in the church.

About forty canons officiate in this cathedral, besides archdeacons, chaplains, and other priests, all provided with livings and salaries, that enable them to live with becoming dignity. I suppose that all these people's maintenance, together with the archbishop's, come from distant parts of Spain, as the whole territory of this town, did it belong entirely to them, would

would not produce the third part of what they have.

It is upon record, that St. Peter's church at Rome, with all that is contained in it, has cost near thirteen millions sterling, and St. Paul's at London about thirteen hundred thousand pounds. I wanted to know how much the expence bestowed upon this, exceeded the English, or came short of the Roman : but the gentle clergyman, to whom I applied for the mentioned information about the Mozarabick rite, could not satisfy my curiosity, as, to his certain knowledge, no exact account of it was ever kept, nor the value ever calculated of the several costly things in it, which were gifts from kings and queens of Spain, and other great personages, besides that many ancient memorials have been destroyed by the revolution of centuries, the cathedral having been built about nine hundred years ago, and declared the first church of Spain about two hundred years after it was built.

The second grand edifice in Toledo is the archiepiscopal palace. But, instead of going to see it, I went to the *Alcázar*; that is, a royal palace built on the edge of a hill almost perpendicular, and about five hundred feet higher than the Tagus which runs beneath it.

From the large square before the *Alcázar*, or from its windows, you have a vast prospect over a country not very fertile, as it is chiefly composed of rocks, which however render the *coup d'oeuil* very romantick. There is a printed journey (*a*) through some parts of Spain, written by a French countess about four-score years ago. She has given a description in her work of this *Alcázar*, and told us how it was then: and I think I have looked out of that very window, from which she inspected the adjacent country. The *Alcázar* was then in good

(a) It bears this title, “RELATION du Voyage
“ d’ Espagne, à Paris. MDCXCIX.” It is in
three vols. 8vo.

condition, and inhabited by a Spanish queen. But the succession-war proved fatal to it, as the English and Portuguese penetrated unluckily so far as Toledo, and set fire to it: so that nothing of it now remains but the lateral walls greatly damaged, some of its marble pillars, a small part of the grand stair-case and five or six rooms. Within eighty years more, even these poor remains will not exist in all probability, and only faint vestiges will be left of them, as they are visibly decaying and covering with moss, nettles and weeds.

From that high hill you see the two largest hospitals in Toledo, one for the reception of foundlings, the other *por los que stan mal de mugeres*, as a man phrased it of whom I asked what it was. This second, however, has at present but a very small number of patients, as the distemper that is cured in it, has within this century greatly abated of its original fury all over Spain, as I am told.

You

You see likewise from that hill a fine bridge of two arches over the Tagus, the waters of which run thereabout with the greatest noise and rapidity. They call it the Alcantara-bridge, beyond which there is a ruined building called *el Castillo de San Cervantes.*

Under the ruins of that castle, the vulgar of Toledo is firmly persuaded that there is an opening, which was cut into the rock and shut with a strong brass-gate. Was you to enter that gate, say they, you would be led into an enchanted rocky cavern that contains many horrible things. No body ever dared to violate that brass-gate and intrude in the cavern, except the desperate *Don Rodrigo* who was the last gothic King of Spain.

Don Rodrigo had been informed by tradition, that whoever should enter it would be made acquainted with the ultimate fate of the kingdom he then possessed; and finding himself briskly attacked by a formidable army sent against him by *Miramolin*

mámolin emperor of Africa, he would needs to know how that war was to end. The gratification of his curiosity was attended with the anticipated knowledge of his own impending ruin, because he found a brass-giant in the cavern, who held a large brass-label in his hand, in which the death of his majesty was foretold, together with the conquest of his kingdom, to be soon effected by the Africans.

The whole of this absurd story is told at large in the sixth chapter of a book entitled *HISTORIA verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo, &c. compuesta por el sabio Alcayde Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique, de nación Arabe; nuevamente traduzida de la lengua Arabiga por Miguel de Luna, &c.*

In English. The true HISTORY of King Don Rodrigo, &c. written by the wise Alcayde Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique, an Arabian by birth; newly translated from the Arabick Tongue, by Michael de Luna, &c.

I have

I have the 4th edition of this book printed *en Valencia* 1646, with the original dedicatory letter in the front of it, addressed by the translator to King Philip III.

It appears by that dedicatory letter, that Miguel de Luna had studied Arabick from his infancy, and was Arabick Interpreter to that King. The book is divided in two parts. The first ends with this information to the reader.

Acabose de traduzir este libro por mí Miguel de Luna, Interprete de Su Magestad, a treinta dias del mes de Noviembre, año &c. 1589.

In English. *The translation of this book was compleated by me Miguel de Luna, Interpreter to his Majesty, on November 30, 1589.*

The second part ends with this still more interesting information.

Acabose de escrivir este Libro de la Historia de España en la Ciudad de Bucara, a

*tres dias del mes de Ramadan, del año ciento
y quarenta i dos de la Hixera.*

In English. *The writing of this History of Spain was ended in the town of Bucara, on the third day of the month of Ramadan, the hundred and forty second year of the Hegira;* which day, according to a marginal note of the translator, answers to some day September 763; that is, exactly fifty years after the first invasion of Spain by the Morisco's, with whom this same historian *Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique* came over, and was a helper in the conquest made by his countrymen, as he repeatedly tells in the course of his history.

As this book by the generality of the Spaniards is looked upon as a genuine history, give me leave to make here a few observations upon it. I have read it through with attention, and am persuaded that *De Luna* translated it from the Arabick. There is nothing in it but

what

what indicates it to be the performance of a Mahometan; and it is to be supposed, that DeLuna would never have dared to tell his King a lye in print, or offer him a work of his own for a translation of an Arabick original.

However, as to that original, taking for granted that the translation is faithful, it is not possible to consider it as any better than a romance, and a romance of a much more modern date than it is pretended by its Arabick author, whoever he may have been. How could *Abulcacim* be a contemporary with the Moorish conquerors of Spain, when he tells us of fleets that carried numerous armies backwards and forwards from Arabia to Tunis, and other parts of that region which we now call the coast of Barbary?

Besides that it is questionable whether the town of Tunis existed at that time, those fleets cannot have sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, as that Cape was

then as much unknown to the Arabians as to the Europeans. They must therefore have sailed from some port situated at the very end of the Mediterranean. But what historical voucher have we for the existence of a port in that part of the world possessed by the Arabians? Yet, granting that this was the case, we must take into consideration that the Greeks as well as the Venetians could at that time both navigate and fight; but neither navigated nor fought against those great enemies of the christian name, and, what is still more surprizing, never made the least mention of those pretended Arabick expeditions in the memorials they left us of the transactions of that age.

It may be answered, that the Greeks had neither the courage nor the strength required to face the Arabians, and that the Venetians were the Arabians' friends for some reason of commerce. But besides that historical vouchers are also wanted for such an answer, it is impossible

sible to believe that the Venetians could be induced by such a motive to let Mahometan fleets pass unmolested through a sea, of which they were masters in a great measure, and suffer them to go and conquer a christian country.

Let us consider then what shipping is required to carry forty five thousand foot, and eight hundred horse (*Abulcacim p. 129*) to such a prodigious distance as from Arabia to Tunis. I cannot believe the Arabs of those times, or indeed of any time, to have had such shipping as could not even be mustered up by the modern English themselves, whose naval force is not to be parallel'd even by that of the Carthaginians when at their highest, nor indeed by any power whatsoever that was ever mentioned in history.

What renders that fact a thousand times still more improbable, is the account of *Muza* the viceroy of Africa, who from Morocco *dio buelto hazia el Levante* (*went away to the Levant*) with a

fleet that had twenty thousand soldiers on board; went so far as that port at the bottom of the Mediterranean to meet his Royal Master *Abilgualit*, who waited there for his coming with twenty five thousand foot and eight hundred horse; then sailed back with that King and those troops to the place from which he had departed; landed safely and without opposition at, or near Tunis, and presently effected the conquest of that kingdom, though it was defended by the Tunisian army composed of forty thousand men, and commanded by a desperate rebel.

What need had viceroy Muza to go so far as the bottom of the Mediterranean to meet his King? By what means could he give him previous intelligence of his coming, that he might be ready there to embark with his troops? Could he not stay at home for his coming? Yes, he could; but it was better to go and secure his passage with such a reinforcement. Yet if there was any danger of obstruction from

from some enemy in that passage, that danger was exactly equal whether the viceroy went to meet his king, or the king to meet the viceroy. But how could an army that had sailed several thousand miles without stopping to refresh anywhere, preserve itself in so good a condition as to rout that of Tunis in the very first battle, and rout it so effectually, though their numbers were almost equal, as to put a final stop to all its further operations?

These are, amongst other, the objections I would offer to any Spaniard that should insist upon the genuineness of Abulcacim's history, and tell me that *aunque infiel y barbero* (*though an infidel and a barbarian*) as Roda says in his *Cronica de los Moros en España*, yet Abulcacim was a faithful relator of facts.

It was quite dark when I returned from my visit to San Cervantes's castle, of which nothing is now left but a heap of moulder-

dered bricks intermixed with large pieces of free-stone that will soon become dust.

Could I stay in this town longer, it is most probable that I should see many more things very well worth some account. I am told that here is a synagogue, which had once many Hebrew sayings and scripture-passages written on its walls within, according to the practice of the Jews in all their places of public worship. When that synagogue was some centuries ago turned into a church, its walls were plastered over and whitewashed, so that the inscriptions remained lost for a long time to the world. But in process of time some of the plaster fell down; and a learned canon of this cathedral observing Hebrew characters left there undiscovered, has lately found means to read several of those passages and sayings, which he intends soon to publish with notes. The Jews that were formerly in possession of the synagogue, if they

they were not African by birth, were at least so by descent ; and it appears by the characters read by the canon on those walls, that their manner of writing their tongue was partly different from that which is generally used by the modern European Jews. An account of that African manner of writing it, will render the work of the canon very interesting to the studious of the sacred tongue.

Toledo is one of the most antient cities in Spain, and during several centuries it held the rank of its metropolis. But the neighbourhood of Madrid has by degrees stripped it of its numerous inhabitants, and it would have long been almost entirely deserted but for its cathedral, the income of which, being spent here in a good measure, contributes chiefly to the maintenance of the few thousands that are left, and assists a little those small manufactures of sword-blades and silk-stuffs established in it. The emperor Charles V made Toledo his almost

con-

constant residence whenever he returned to Spain from his various rambles about Europe ; and here it was, that the learned *Navagero* was sent to him as ambafia-dor by the Venetians. There was then an engine contrived by an Italian, which raised the water of the *Tagus* up to the *Alcazar* and the rest of the town. But time destroyed that engine, and the To-letans are now put to a great inconveni-ence to procure water, which is inces-fantly carried up to them from that ri-ver by asses heavily loaded with six earthen pots each, and bought at two *Maravedis* a pot ; that is, two-thirds of an English farthing.

I shall go to-morrow to *Aranjuéz*, se-ven leagues beyond this town. Seven more the next day will carry me to Ma-dríd, where I intend to stay a while and scribble a great deal. But the queen, unluckily for my journal, died six or se-ven days ago : so that I shall find the court gone into mourning, a restraint put upon

upon many private diversions, and a full stop to all the public for a while. This will cut me off from many amusing topicks, for which I am very sorry both for your sake and mine.

LETTER LI.

Political meditations.

Aranjuéz, Oct. 5. 1762.

ABOUT a stone-throw from the great road, and a league from Toledo, I saw on my left-hand another poor castle called *Pelavenegua*, went to inspect it, and found its ruins, like those of *San Cervantes*, quite ready to perish. The few walls that remain are in such a condition, that I could easily throw down the corner of one with a light push, and it appears that the flat ground on which it stands will soon be ready for the plough.

Indeed, as one ranges over this country, it is sad to recollect how rich and
po-

populous it was in former ages ! Lewis IX king of France, as *Guevara* tells us in his letters, after having seen many parts of Europe and Asia at the time of the Crusades, affirmed that no court was so splendid as that of Castile, which was then a much smaller kingdom than what is now called Spain. But, though it was smaller, one of its kings (*Guevara* calls him Alphonso III) who kept his court at Toledo, was able to send to the holy land an army of a hundred thousand foot, ten thousand horse, and sixty thousand carts loaded with baggage. There may be, and I believe there is, some Spanish exaggeration in this account. The number of the carts at least bears evidently no proportion to that army. But coming down to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabel, *Castile* and *Arragon* still afforded men enough to subdue the moorish king of *Granada*, who mustered up on that occasion no less than fifty thousand horse and several thousand foot.

How thick must have the population been during those periods in these provinces?

But as soon as the Spaniards had the misfortune to be rid of those enemies, and to master all the riches of America, as they did soon after the conquest of Granada, such quantities of gold and silver poured into their enlarged empire from *Lima* and from *Mexico*, as to make it for a while the most opulent that ever existed in Europe since the downfal of the Romans.

The consequence of that opulence to Spain was, that her soldier hung up his sword and buckler, her husbandman forsook the plough, her artist flung away his tools, and the whole nation fell a-dancing and enjoying the sudden productions of their mighty atchievements. Quiet succeeded to motion for a while, and idleness to inactivity. Instead of continuing to work for themselves, the rich Spaniards sent to their neighbours not only for numberless superfluities, but even

even for many necessaries, which practice impoverished them much faster than one would have imagined.

That conduct however, would not have proved fatal, and desolation would not have spread over the internal parts of this kingdom, if the Spaniards had not flock'd away by thousands and ten thousands to the newly discovered world. It was their precipitous emigration to America, that deprived *Estremadura*, *Toledo*, the two *Castiles*, *Arragon*, and *Leon* of too many of their inhabitants ; and had not the government been timely alarmed at it, and put some limits to it, it is probable that not a soul but what would have ran away to the countries of gold and silver.

Yet notwithstanding this universal indolence and precipitous emigration, Spain would still have continued to bear great proportion to its neighbouring nations in point of population, had not a ruinous system of policy been keenly pursued by her during more than two centuries.

The ambition that moved, or the necessity that forced the Spaniards to keep and enlarge the countries which they possessed beyond the Pireneans, proved much more destructive than their annihilation of the Moriscos, and their conquest of America. Flanders and Italy involved them in distant wars that drained their provinces of numberless men, and of more gold and silver than America could afford. If instead of going for victorious laurels to *Pavia* and *St. Quintin*, the Spaniards had given up whatever they possessed beyond their mountains, and kept their armies and flotas at home, their kingdom would have still been formidable, and the ambassadors of France would not easily have gotten precedence of theirs. But successive victories enfeebled them, and the progeny of the royal prisoner they made at *Pavia*, got the upper hand of their monarchs a very little time after the rebellious

(a) Connetâble had put an end to all French pretensions to the countries that lie on the warmer side of the Alps.

But are the Spaniards to be blamed for not having given up those distant possessions that were at last wrested from them by the force of war? No. The affairs of nations become gradually so entangled by a strong concurrence of successive accidents, that the unravelling of them is at last out of the reach of human prudence: nor is it always in the power of nations to do what is best, even on the supposition that they had it in their will. Let us imagine, for instance, that Charles V had been willing to give up all he possessed in Flanders and in Italy, do you really think that it would have been in

(a) *The consequence of the great battle near Pavia in Lombardy, won by the Connetâble de Bourbon, and the falling of Francis I into the hands of Charles V, put an effectual end to the claims of France on several Italian provinces. The French never could get any durable footing in Italy ever since that fatal day.*

his

his power? What would the world, and Spain herself, have said to him, had he ever come to such a resolution? What would have been said to his son Philip, and to each of his successors, had any of them thought of doing what Charles ought to have done for the advantage of his Spanish subjects, and lopp'd off those exuberant branches of the monarchy that proved injurious to the trunk? Nay, what would the world and Spain say to this very king, should he take into his head to give up that small part of the Barbary-coast he actually possesses, which every man in Spain and out of Spain knows to be rather detrimental than useful to his kingdom? Was any minister to advise such a measure, he would be looked upon as a ridiculous politician, if not as the vilest of traitors; and that same people, to whom the keeping of *Oran* and *Ceuta* proves onerous, would exclaim against such an act, was it to take place, and consider it as their greater dishonour for cen-

turies to come. Nor is there any nation, but what would think like the Spaniards in a similar case ; and with good reason too, as the giving up without absolute compulsion what is their own, in nations as in individuals, will always be reckoned dishonourable. Such is the nature of man, and so is the world constituted. Kings must marry, kings must die, and kings must make war and peace. These events will produce events, and nations will thus acquire rights that cannot afterwards be relinquished without hard struggles, or without incurring blame and contempt. The wars that in our days gave the two Sicilies to a Spanish infante, and the dutchy of Parma to another, proved most ruinous to this monarchy ; and well did the Spaniards foresee that ruinous they would be. But how could they have helped themselves and forborn those wars ? A coffee-statesman, a Machiavel rich in after-wit, will easily say, that it had been wise, since that was

was the case, not to think of Naples and Parma, and let any body take them that could : and so would the council of Castile have reasoned, had each of its members been chosen out of a breed of men not lineally descended from Adam and Eve. Unluckily Adam and Eve were their progenitors ; and whoever is descended from that pair, will in like circumstances do like the members of that council, and advise what they advised.

Revolving these and other such fooleries in my head for the space of a league, I reached a venta where my calefferos intended to stop and bait : but the venta was shut, and our knocking at its door was in vain. So we went forwards another league to *Villa Mejór*, a hamlet of four houses that might as well be called *Villa peór*, as none of the four families in it had a loaf of bread to spare us. However they had wine enough to fill our *Borracho*, which my folks had almost emptied in the space of three

leagues, on the usual pretence of the weather being insufferably hot, and drinking a good remedy against thirst. We proceeded two leagues more, got into a fine forest, spread a napkin under its shade, produced some cold victuals, and dined very comfortably.

That done, we entered a long alley of very tall elms that led straight to Aranjuéz, trotted along it merrily, and were at the posada just as the sun was going down.

L E T T E R LII.

A charming spot. Le Jardinier Sçavant. Busts ancient and modern. Ladies well behaved. A theatre. The adventures of the green bird. A pretty village.

Aranjuéz, Oct. 6, 1760.

I Have seen a great many delightful places in many parts, but none more so than the royal palace and garden of Aranjuéz. A poet would say that Venus

and love consulted here with Catullus and Petrarch about building a rural mansion for Psyche, Lesbia, Laura, or some Spanish Infanta.

Imagine a park many leagues round, cut across in different parts by alleys of two, three, and even four miles extent. Each of those alleys is formed by two double rows of elm-trees, one double row on the right and one on the left, which renders the shade thicker. The alleys are wide enough to admit of four coaches a-breast, and betwixt each double row there is a narrow channel, through which runs a stream of water, so that the trees, never wanting moisture, are grown very tall and very leafy.

Between those alleys there are thick groves of smaller trees of various kinds, and thousands of deer and wild-boars wander there at large, besides numberless hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, and several other kinds of birds. The wild-boars however are not quite so savage in

this place as where no care has been taken of them. Here they have been used to repair on certain hours to some places, where oats are plentifully distributed to them; and they are grown so familiar with the voice of their feeder, that they will run after him whenever they hear him call.

There is no wall round this park, as too many bricks would have been required to form so vast an enclosure. Yet the various animals that live in it, cannot be tempted to forsake it, as the country round does not abound either in shade or pasture.

The river Tagus which I have crossed at Lisbon, Casas del Puerto, Talavera, and Toledo, runs through this place and divides it into two unequal parts. The water it carries is not very considerable; so that it was easily divided, confined between artificial banks, and turned wherever it was thought necessary.

The

The central point of this great park is the King's palace, which is partly surrounded by the garden. Of that palace we shall speak anon. Let us first take a walk round the garden.

The chief entrance into it is through a *Parterre* cut into several compartments, that have borders of box and myrtle, and contain a vast variety of the most beautiful flowers both American and European.

There are five pieces of water in this parterre, each adorned with bronze-figures as big as the life, that raise the water in spouts to a considerable height. In the first piece there is a Neptune with Tritons, in the second a swan with boys playing about it, in the third I have forgot what, and the fourth and fifth have each a nymph riding on a serpent.

Beyond the parterre on the right hand there is an artificial cascade of the Tagus amidst artificial rocks. The eye is no less charmed by the broken wave, than delighted by the dashing noise.

From

From hence you enter an alley that leads to *Apollo's fountain*. It is so called from a statue of that god standing on a high pedestal, with Pegasus by him. The bason of the fountain is octagonal, and on each angle there is a naked genius that seems to squeeze the head of a dolphin with his foot, to force the water out of his jaws. Apollo, the genius's, the dolphins, and the bason are of the whitest marble.

The alley *de las burlas* (*of the tricks*) is beyond it, and it is so called because, as you cross it, if the gardener pleases, you are sprinkled with water spouting from under your feet, which cannot be avoided when you have once entered the alley.

The *Fuente de la Espina* follows next. It is formed by four pillars round a bason. Each pillar has an harpy on its top, vomiting water on a young man who sits in the midst of the bason, picking an *espina* (*a thorn*) out of his foot. Both the

young

young man and the harpies are reckoned master-pieces in statuary ; but I don't like the conceit of monsters pouring water upon a young man that minds his thorn and not them. Some figure in an attitude of horror had done better than one in that quiet posture. Nor do I like the exotick birds painted round this fountain a' top of the green lettice that surrounds it, as I cannot discover any analogy between the birds, the harpies, and the young man. There is nothing in my opinion that has a worse effect in a garden, than paintings, except it be some perspective on some wall at the end of some alley.

From the *Thorn-fountain* you see four enclosures for fruit-trees ; and amongst them there are actually such numbers of oranges and lemons hanging on their branches, as the Hesperides might envy. To those enclosures you are led through passages so well screened by a thick foliage, that the sun-beams can no more touch

touch you, than if you were under ground: and the freshness is there so great, that it forced me to button up my coat, although without the garden the weather was very hot.

In one of those passages I could not help taking notice of a large Indian-tree which they call *Lyrón*. Its trunk seems composed of half a dozen stems, and the circumference of it I take to be little less than four fathoms.

Leaving the fruit enclosures on the right, we advanced to *the Bath of Venus*. The goddess is there represented as coming out of the bath, and her hair drops water into a fine marble basin supported by Cupids.

A little further there is *the fountain of Bacchus*. Both the tub and the god are of bronze, and of a most perfect workmanship. But he is so fat, that I would rather call him *Silenus*, as I do not recollect any ancient *Bacchus* so fleshy.

The

The fountain of Neptune follows: But his figure, as well as those of the Tritons round it, is much smaller than the life, which in such open places always produce a bad effect. If nature is to be departed from, let us in open places make it gigantick rather than dwarfish. Nor did I like to see this subject occurring a second time in the short space that there is from the parterre to this fountain.

Beyond this Neptune there is the *Terráo*, a wide and almost circular bowling-green with four trees in the midst of it considerably large and tall, which with their ample shade, joined to that of the high and thick hedge that surrounds the whole bowling-green, renders it very cool and pleasant.

On the right side of this *Terráo* there is a fine bridge of five arches over the Tagus, and at the east-end of that bridge another enclosure for fruit; which I did not chuse to enter, liking better to continue my walk along the river, the bank of

of which is there defended by iron-rails coloured green, divided from space to space by small marble pillars, each of which supports a large flower pot of a very fine sort of earthen-ware made at Talavera, and the arms of Spain painted upon each pot. Their forms might easily have been better.

Not far from that bridge there is a fountain called *the Tritons*, because three of those fabulous beings stand in the middle of it with their backs to each other, supporting two marble basins, one over the other, the water falling from both in large sheets.

Near this fountain a small branch of the Tagus that has been parted higher up, joins to it again under a wooden bridge painted green, on which no coaches are allowed to pass but those of the Royal Family.

From this bridge you have a delightful prospect of a wild forest on the left side of the river. But before you come

to

to the bridge, there is a kind of pavilion supported by green-painted wooden columns, called *el Cenaór* (*a supper-place*) intended for the Royal Family to sup under when they have a mind. So charming a spot there is not in the whole garden, and it is impossible to say how pleasant it is made by trees irregularly planted on each side of the river, and by the river itself, that runs there with some impetuosity against rocks, and breaks in a most delightful murmur.

From the *Cenaór* you enter a wide bower formed of lime-trees. The ground under it is particularly firm and smooth, which adds much to the pleasure of walking. But turning about, and leaving the bridge of five arches on our right, let us go along the iron-rail, where the little pillars support the flower-pots.

That iron-rail, as I said, runs along the smaller branch of the river, and reaches another pretty bridge of a single arch,

arch, which is likewise left on the left hand. From thence you enter the *Terrão* again, in order to pass to a spot that has been embellished with numberless exotic flowers, the greatest part of unspeakable beauty, interspersed with orange-trees, the fruits of which are just ripe, and hang in such clusters from all the plants, that you can scarcely see their leaves.

A few steps beyond that flower-spot there is the gardener's house. A pretty building, fronted by a pleasant meadow, perfectly shaded by some of the tallest and most leafy trees that ever I saw. A narrow ditch that runs on one side of that meadow, produces thousands of mushrooms, which, they say, are very good to eat when newly sprung, but grow tough if they are not soon gathered. The gardener refused to tell me how he contrives to have such an astonishing bed of mushrooms in that ditch. They lye upon each other like a thick bed of oysters. I

suspect, that the bottom of the ditch is artificially formed of those stones that are called at Naples *Pietre Fungaje* (*mushroom-stones*) which will produce mushrooms when watered and exposed to the sun.

Bey'ond the gardener's house you meet with another cascade of the Tagus, that no less charms the eye with the transparency of its water, than the ear with the inequality of its noise, one moment quick and loud, and the next soft and slow.

By that cascade there is another *Cenaór* painted green and yellow, no less well situated than the other already mentioned, having the cascade behind, and the great fountain of *Hercules* before.

This fountain is the grandest thing in the whole garden. It is a decagon ornamented with a considerable number of statues, the principal of which is that of the Theban hero killing the hydra. Both the statues and the several basons

in which they are placed, are of the whitest marble, and the water that tumbles in and out, ravishes the sight with its romantick falls.

From hence you ascend some grand steps adorned likewise with fine statues, and turning round a corner of the Royal Palace, enter a parterre belonging to the Infant Don Luis, surrounded by a wall full of niches, each containing a marble bust.

The first of these busts (as the gardener said) represents a *Roman Emperor*, called *Hannibal the Carthaginian*.

This piece of intelligence made me aware, that the honest fellow was rather less an historian than a gardener. It was he, that had added with his chalk the noble title of *Emperador Romano* to the engraved name of *Hannibal*; and this he had done, he said, for the quicker information of the *Letrados* who flock incessantly from all parts of the world to see those busts, all made at Madrid by Greek

and

and Roman statuaries, especially those of Queen Isabella, Charles V. and Philip IV.

The fact is, that there is a fine collection of ancient and modern busts. Amongst them Antonius Pius, Sergius Galba, Lucius Verus, Vespasian, Marcus Aurelius, Titus, Trajan, Tiberius, Vitellius, Domitian, and many other, all placed at random, and out of all chronological disposition, intermixed with Alexander, Parmenio, Lysimachus, and several Kings and Queens of Spain.

Having left the parterre of Don Luis, and dismissed the gardener with a present, I went to see the palace. A Spanish gentleman with his lady and two marriageable daughters waited at the gate for my coming with the palace-keeper, who was to show it us.

As these were the first people of note that I saw in Spain, I watched them narrowly during the whole time the visit lasted, but found nothing in them that

betrayed any remarkable singularity either in dress, manner, or behaviour. The father and mother answered my casual questions with plain civility, nor did the young ladies appear shy or bashful when I dropp'd a word of compliment, but curtesied with a smile or thanked with a word, without stiffness, prudery, forwardness, or false modesty. This began to give me a better opinion of the Madrid-manners than I had brought with me. Having read many things of the habitual gravity and haughtiness of the Spaniards, I expected some odd and ridiculous treatment; but to my disappointment they behaved very well.

As to the Royal Palace I have not much to say. It is rather an elegant than a magnificent building, considering its owner, and what may be called a comfortable King's house. The apartments are well disposed and decorated with much taste. Were I to chuse, I would have this in preference to all the houses

and palaces I ever saw. No carving, gilding, or painting is wanted any where in it. The furniture, and indeed every thing in it, is just as I would have it. In one of the rooms there is a clock of curious workmanship, that has a canary-bird at top made of clock-work. The canary chirps like a true bird whenever the hour strikes. An ingenious trifle, that makes a man smile, and a child happy.

By the drawing-room there is a little theatre, which in the late King's reign was often trod by our most celebrated singers, such as Farinello, Caffarello, Carestini, Mingotti, and others: but no use is now made of it, as his present Majesty has no taste for musick.

In a large room that has its walls covered with looking-glasses, we had a kind of adventure; and it would have been strange if we had met with none, as this may really be called *un Palacio encantado*. Entering that room we spy'd a green

bird fluttering about as if endeavouring to find the opening at which he had got in. It seemed as if the many mirrors embarrassed the poor thing by the multiplication of objects. We presently gave it chase and strove to catch it. After many useless efforts intermixed with a great deal of female screaming, as is usual on such occasions, the eldest sister made the little creature her prisoner: but instead of holding it fast, she ran without hesitating a moment to the window, opened her generous hand, and let it fly away, much to the disappointment of us all. It was impossible not to praise so pretty a deed. Her father commended her for it, and I was strongly tempted to give her a kiss. But, said I with a serious face, you are mistaken, sir, if you think the *Señorita* has done this out of mere generosity. He stared and did not know my meaning. Sir, said I in an angry tone, this was an appointment made by her with some young magician disguised under a pretty bird,

bird, and she set him at liberty for fear her sister should catch it, and cause a discovery.

This foolish conceit had no bad effect, and made us such good friends, that before we parted they offered me letters for their friends at Madrid and every thing in their power to make me pass agreeably what time I intended to stay there. See how easily a man may get acquaintance in a foreign country, if he but dares to be in a good humour !

I was no less pleased with the village of Aranjuéz, than with the palace, garden, and park. Every house in that village is new and white, with windows that have green shutters placed without, and the streets are all straight. The King has given and still gives the ground *gratis* to any body that will build, provided they conform to the plan that was originally made, which requires great uniformity in the buildings. The world cannot show a more regular little town,

and it is encreasing every day. There is a fine round church and a fine covered market, both placed in the midst of the village for the greater convenience of the inhabitants that amount already to two thousand. They generally live upon what the court spends when there, and with letting part of their houses at that time. It is pity that the air is not very good in the hottest months. People are then much subject to tertian and quartan agues. The King and court pass here the months of May and June. In all his other country-places his Majesty's retinue and the Foreign Ministers get but mean accommodations ; but here the case is different, as the best people in Madrid have built themselves houses in order to pay their court to the King, who loves Aranjuez in preference to all his other seats, and with very good reason in my opinion.

Not many years ago a considerable breed of camels was kept here for grandeur rather than for use ; but it was neglected

lected by degrees, and none are now left. We had the same thing in Tuscany during the reign of the two last Grand-Dukes of the Medicean family.

To describe material objects with the pen and give an exact idea of gardens and houses, is utterly impossible. Nothing can do that, but the pencil. Yet by what I have here said, I hope you will be able to conceive that Aranjuez is one of the most pleasing spots in Europe. A more pleasing (*a*) I have seen nowhere. The French travelling countess, who saw it eighty years ago, was charmed with it: Yet it was not then half so beautiful as now.

(*a*) Mr. Clark says, that the Royal Palace at Aranjuez is “*a tolerable edifice,*” and the garden, “*a dead flat.*” There are unlucky people in this world, whom nothing can please out of their own country.

LETTER LIII.

Trifles, such as travel and such as life supply.

Villaverde, Oct. 6, 1760, at night.

I AM to pass to-night in a very bad lodging. At the distance of only three miles from such a capital as Madrid, I expected to find a better, and could not have thought that the straw-bag would be of use.

Coming out of Aranjuéz I crossed the Tagus over five boats so well contrived and painted, that, unless a man is told, he will mistake them for a stone-bridge of four arches. Those same boats are taken from thence upon particular occasions, drawn higher up the river, and placed in such a manner as to form a quadrangular fortification, which when illuminated, as it is often done for the diversion of the court, exhibits a fine show upon the water.

At

At that bridge begins one of the mentioned alleys formed with double rows of elm-trees. We entered it, and going along it during more than a league, reached another bridge which old age has rendered ruinous : but it is soon to be demolished, as another just by it is nearly finished that will afford a safer passage.

That new bridge is all made of white marble, and so wide and magnificent, that the Ganges itself would be proud of it. The water under it, though perennial, is at present but a slender brook : yet at times is very large, when a thaw encreases it with the snow of the neighbouring mountains.

Along the road from Aranjuéz to that bridge there is an amazing number of marble-blocks scattered about. What will be done with such a quantity of materials no body could tell me. I suppose it is the king's intention to do greater
and

and greater things about his favourite villa. Happy he, who, amongst other things, can give a vent to the passion of building! That passion, one of the most universal, actuates me so strongly, that, if my will were equalled by my power, the world would be adorned with fabricks, to which the ancient capitol or the modern St. Peter would be but trifles. Never did *Bibiena's* fanciful pencil draw such vast edifices as I would erect: nor is there any thing so truly royal, in my opinion, as to heap blocks upon blocks in the various forms of palaces, temples, aqueducts, theatres, amphitheatres, and other such things.

You will possibly think me ridiculous for laying my vain thoughts thus open. But, was every body to tell what often fills his mind, and suffer a cursory view to be taken of his airy castles, many a man whose reputation for the right use of his thoughts is much greater than mine,

mine, would not be deemed a vast deal wiser than myself.

From the marble-bridge to this *Villaverde* there are but two villages, *Valdemoro* and *Pinto*, both very indifferent. The intermediate country looks strangely barren, which is another thing I did not expect to find so near the Spanish metropolis. I hear the bells of Madrid ring, which gladdens the heart after having crossed so many tracts of silent desert.

To-morrow I shall see a couple of friends, all that I now have in Madrid. One is the British consul-general, the other Don Felix d'Abreu, who was for several years envoy extraordinary from Spain to England. I knew them both in London, and they both know of my coming. I hope they will be as glad to see me, as I shall to see them.

LETTER LIV.

A stinking town that gives strangers the head-ach. Locanda means an inn. Instructions to travellers who happen not to be overloaded with money.

Madrid, Oct. 7, 1760.

TH E three miles from Villaverde to this metropolis I chose to walk this morning early, that I might contemplate it at leisure.

Madrid lies in a good measure on a sloping ground, which makes it appear to great advantage from that side by which I came. Its form approaches the circular, and its diameter is a little more than two English miles. The numerous spires and cupolas promise well at a distance, and several ample edifices fill your sight as you approach.

I entered it by the magnificent stone-bridge built by Philip II over the river Manzanares. A French traveller has

made himself very merry at the expence of that bridge, and crack'd some jests upon the disproportion of it to the water that runs under. But Frenchmen, like other people, will easily catch at opportunities of being censorious in other people's countries. The fact is, that the Manzanares becomes sometimes a considerable river by the sudden melting of the snow on the neighbouring hills, and is often half a mile broad in winter. Philip therefore did a very proper thing when he built a large bridge over it, and ridiculous are those who pretend to ridicule him on this account.

From the bridge to the gate of the town there is a strait and wide avenue of fine trees, which renders the entrance on that side very noble. But it is impossible to tell how I was shock'd at the horrible stink that seized me the instant I trusted myself within that gate! So offensive a sensation is not to be described. I felt a heat all about me, which was

was caused by the fetid vapours exhaling from numberless heaps of filth lying all about. My head was presently disordered by it, and the head-ake continued very painful from that moment.

I came to alight at an inn called *la Locanda del Principe*, which is kept by one Zilio, a merry Venetian, and have taken possession of the highest apartment in it, that I may be as distant as possible from the polluted ground. But the whole of the atmosphere is so impregnated with those vapours, that I think them unavoidable, was I to mount to the third region of the air. This has disgusted me so much, that instead of staying here a whole month, as I proposed, I have already resolved to run away within five or six days at most.

As I wanted some rest after the fatigue of a fortnight's journey, I kept within doors the remainder of the day, so that I cannot as yet tell you any thing of Madrid, but that it stinks like a *Cloaca Maxima*.

ma. The few streets which I have seen as I was coming to the inn, are all straight and wide, and many of the houses and churches very sightly. Was it not for the abominable ordure that scarcely leaves a passage to foot-passengers alongside the walls, I should judge Madrid to be one of the noblest cities in Europe: but the shocking stink has made me repent I came to see it. I had read and heard much of its filth, but thought that there was a great deal of exaggeration in the account. My own eyes and nostrils have now convinced me that I was mistaken.

But why should we vex at what cannot be helped? Instead of increasing my present pain by telling, the best thing I can do, is to be gone as soon as I can. Should I stay here but a month, I fear my organs of smell would be destroyed, and chuse not to run the risk. My landlord *Zilio* laughs broadly after the manner of his country at my vexation, and swears that his nose (which

he pulls while he swears) has been so long used to this fragrancy, that he can walk about these streets with as much indifference as he would in a field. Long custom to be sure will reconcile any body to any thing: but I would not acquire it upon any consideration. Much might here be heard and seen in a month, very well worth hearing and seeing, and I am persuaded that a while hence I shall be sorry to have lost the opportunity of bringing myself tolerably acquainted with this metropolis; but cannot endure the thought of satisfying my idle curiosity at the price of a month's torment. I will not blame the Spaniards for having suffered this evil to encrease upon them age after age in such a manner, as to be now almost past remedy: but I will be gone, and never think to see this town again, except the King succeeds (*a*) in the scheme they

(*a*) *The King has carried his scheme into execution four or five years after the date of this letter, and Madrid is now one of the cleanest towns in Europe.*

say he has resolved upon to cleanse it, which will prove a truly Herculean labour.

Mean while, to fill up my evening, let me set down here some instruction to the traveller going the journey from Lisbon to Madrid, that whoever chances upon these letters may go that road with more facility and comfort, than I did for want of such an instruction.

The first thing you must do before you quit Lisbon, is to procure a passport from the secretary of state, as without it you would not be suffered to go beyond *Estre-mor*, but forced to turn back for one, and even be in danger of a jail. The Portuguese is perhaps the most jealous of European governments, and will minutely know who and what the strangers are that come into the country, or go out of it: and people are there cast in prison with very little ceremony, as the public voice informed me. Besides then the avoiding of danger, there is this addi-

tional advantage in having a passport, that by showing it to the custom-men, they will not open your trunks, especially if you are dexterous enough to slip a silver-coin into the paw of any of them. It is very disagreeable to have one's things discomposed by such visitors, who must be civilly spoken to both in Portugal and Spain, that they may not take it into their heads to give you the trouble which it is always in their power to give. Yet take very great care to have nothing subject to pay custom, no new shirts, no new handkerchiefs, new stockings, new shoes, new any thing ; or you will in some place or other be vexed more than you are aware. Have no books with you but what are Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian. A friend of mine who wanted to carry an English book to Madrid, took care to paste the image of St. Anthony on the first leaf, and thus saved it from confiscation. If you have English, Dutch, or even French books, or any

any thing that is quite new, though apparently for your personal use, declare it to the custom-men before they begin their search if you see them resolved upon it, and even before; or you may repent it.

The passport being got, send for those *caleffeiros* who live at Aldeagallega, and not for those of Lisbon, whom you must only hire when you intend to travel on the western side of the Tagus. On the eastern it is much better to have the Aldeagalegans, who keep their beasts and vehicles in that village, as their constant occupation is to go backwards and forwards on the Madrid-road, which makes them better acquainted with it than the Lisboners, besides that they hire themselves cheaper likewise.

With them you must have your bargain in writing. Any chaise with two mules from Aldeagallega to Madrid is commonly paid at the rate of six thirty-six-shillings pieces in summer, and seven in

winter. Forget not the condition that they go through Toledo and Aranjuez, if you have a mind to go through those two places, which are certainly worth your seeing. When your bargain is signed, the artful fellows will tell you that you shall want oxen at the *Puerto del Truxillo* to draw you up that steep and broken hill. Hearing this, I was simple enough to give two or three crusadoes above my bargain on their verbal promise, that they would look themselves for the oxen. But, when at Truxillo, they pretended that no oxen could be got, and kept the crusadoes. The consequence of it was, that my chaise was overturned, and my trunk behind almost broken to pieces down the rocky declivity. Therefore keep your money, and when you reach Truxillo, bid them to look for the oxen, and pay a crusado a-piece to the two men that shall come with them to drag your chaise up that hard and dangerous pass.

I always

I always found it a very great inconvenience to carry many conveniences on a long journey. Instead therefore of providing myself with a bed and several pieces of kitchen-furniture, as some people had advised me, I chose to take my chance as to eating, and would have nothing extraordinary but a straw-bag and sheets. Should you be more delicate you may have a knife, spoon, and fork, a drinking-glaſſ, ſome towels, a pot to boil meat, and a hand-candleſtik with ſome wax-tapers.

If you have a ſervant who can play the cook, ſo much the better: if not, you muſt ſhift as well as you can. At the eſtallages and posadas you will find in general no other viſtuals, but a mess of *garavanzos* and *judias* (*dry chick-peaſe* and *french beans*) boiled in oil and water with a ſtrong doſe of pepper, and a dish of *bacallao* and *fardinas* (*ſtock-fiſh* and *pilchards*) ſeaſoned likewife with pepper and oil. Not an ounce of butter

will you find during the whole journey, except at Aranjuez. This at least was my case. If you have no mind to put up with such dainties, be careful whenever you come to a town or village to buy meat, fowls, and game. Game especially I found in abundance wherever I stopped, and excellent partridges above all. New-laid eggs you will often find likewise. If you have no servant, there is always some woman who will dress you any thing for a small reward. In a bungling manner, 'tis true; but what signifies that? Their way of roasting is to truss the meat or bird on the point of a short hand-spit, and turn it round and round over a flame made of rosemary or thyme, which abound every where in Allentejo and Estremadura. 'Tis an odd way; yet not so bad as one may imagine, especially when helped by a good appetite; and an appetite is never wanting through those regions, where the air is pure and sharp. In large towns,

towns, such as Badajoz, Merida, Talavera, and Toledo, the art of cookery is practised in a less Tartarick manner; but in villages, *ventas*, and *estallages*, that is the common method. Were any of their kitchens ornamented with a jack, it is my opinion that the inhabitants of the provinces round would flock to see it for a wonder, as the boys and girls ran to look at my watch at Talaverola.

If you travel in a proper season, as was my case, provide yourself with a basket. You meet then with grapes, figs, melons, and other fruit in the neighbourhood of almost every habitation. Fill your basket with them, and they will be of use against the heat, which often proves troublesome. The peasants, both in Portugal and Spain, I have found very kind. They would fill my basket with the best fruit they had as I went by their vineyards, and be thankful for a real; nay, some were so generous as to refuse money, though they had given me what

what would have sold for guineas in England. It is one of the blessings of unfrequented regions, that the peasants are hospitable: but where every trifle may be turned into money, money will be expected for every trifle.

Whether you have a bed, or only a straw-bag, take care to have the room well swept where you are to lie, and have your couch placed at a distance from the walls; or you will have your sleep interrupted by various kinds of insects, which propagate wonderfully in so warm and poor a country.

Some people are apt to figure dangers in distant regions, fancy robbers swarming on every road, and cut-throats at every inn. For my part I never met with any in my various rambles through several regions of Europe. However, it will be prudent to carry pistols, and so place them in the chaise, that they may easily be seen. Have them in your hands as you alight, that people may take

take notice how well you are prepared against any attack. My Batiste wears a broad hanger by his side, and is possessed besides of a frightful musket, which he has always in view. The low people of every nation I never observed to be much daring against strangers when the least resistance is apprehended; therefore the precaution of showing fire-arms will generally preclude all temptation to assault a traveller.

Above all, do not forget a good *Borracho* in warm weather. Both in Portugal and Spain, good wine is to be found in many places. Fill it with the best, and cool it by a plunge into some brook or river. The running waters from Aldeagallega to Madrid I found to be all very cold. They would refresh my wine in a few minutes. But suffer not your *calleferos* to meddle with it as often as they would chuse, otherwise they become quarrelsome or impertinent; besides that they are already too apt to sleep on their mules,

mules, and endanger your neck together with their own for want of vigilance. If you cannot keep them awake, abstain from sleeping yourself in your vehicle, especially amidst the mountains. The mules are sure-footed, and seem to have a full sense of danger when there is danger: yet a man must take care of himself.

You will meet with beggars in various places; and I am far from discommending liberality to those who could scarcely find employment if they had ever so great a mind to work. But there is a breed of them in Estremadura, who, besides asking your charity, insist upon your kissing their greasy crucifixes and madonnas. Give nothing to them, except you intend to kiss their images, because they have much more at heart the credit of those images, than are desirous of your *ochavos* and *quartillos*. If you give them good words instead of money, they will easily let you alone; but if you give any thing and refuse

fuse to kiss, you will have a deal of foul language, be your alms ever so great.

Have always some spare-rope in the box of your chaise to tie your trunks again upon occasion. In a country where nothing is ever at hand that you may chance to need, the want of a bit of rope will sometimes put a traveller to a great deal of trouble. I am even used to carry some nails and a hammer; nor will it be amiss to look whenever you alight, whether the trunks are safely tyed, especially in jolting roads.

Trifling as these advices may appear, you may possibly find them useful. Xenophon thought it not unworthy to be delivered to posterity, that Cyrus, amidst his other military provisions, took care that his soldiers should have spare thongs, by which they might bundle up their necessaries or their plunder. However, I do not intend them for those who have money at command, who, instead of going a slow mule-pace, may send men and

mules before, to have them ready wherever they please, and change them from stage to stage. He who can afford the expence, will be thus able to go in five or six days the journey which I employed a full fortnight in performing.

Nor must you grumble at numerous inconveniences on that road, which has its pleasures as well as pains. Besides the satisfaction naturally afforded by the inspection of new modes of life, he that goes from Lisbon to Madrid has or may have almost every night the pleasure of a dance, which to a well-disposed mind is not a small enjoyment, as dancing generally suspends all feelings of misery, and makes people happy for the time. The beholding of content in others cannot but raise pleasing sentiments in ourselves. Wherever you come at night, there is always some body that plays on the guitar, or if there is none, you may have one for the least trifle : by which means you presently gather together all the
yœung

young men and women that are within reach ; and an hour is thus agreeably spent. This at least has been my case for several nights.

L E T T E R L V.

A cunning queen. The palace almost finished. Confidence in priests. A vast many pictures, and why. Missals like Atlas's. Neither grave, nor over-civil, nor reserved, nor jealous. A Tertulia is a pretty thing. Leave alla Spagnuola. Rice a la Valenciana.

Madrid, Oct. 8, 1760.

LA ST night I sent a note to my friend Don Felix d'Abreu, acquainting him with my arrival, and promising him my company to-day at dinner, on condition he would forbear his French ragoos for once, and give me a true Spanish dinner. His answer was that he would comply with my whim, and call upon me early this morning.

He

He did so, and took me to see the King's new palace that was what I wanted most to see in Madrid, not only because it had struck me as I beheld it yesterday at a distance, but also because I have not forgot *Signor Sacchetti* the architect of it, who was our father's intimate friend and fellow-student in architecture under *Don Philip Juvara* the famous Sicilian, who left so many specimens of his abilities in and about Turin. But before I attempt to give you some idea of that edifice, let me tell you the reason why it was erected upon Sacchetti's plan, instead of Juvara's.

In the year 1734 the ancient royal palace in Madrid was burnt down, I know not by what accident. King Philip V. wanting another, and being told that Juvara was reckoned the best architect of the age, requested him of our King, in whose service he had been for many years.

On Juvara's arrival at Madrid he was ordered to make a model. But while he
was

was about it, it so happened that Elizabeth Farnese, the King's second wife, who managed her husband as she pleased, began to think of a war which was to procure a settlement in Italy to her son Charles. Instead therefore of laying out in building, according to the King's intention, the several millions destined to that purpose, she thought to have them kept for the occasions of that war.

This scheme of the queen you may easily guess that Juvara was not to be apprised of, nor was he ever politician enough to give the least guess at it. He hastened to compose his model, which he did not in the least doubt but would be brought into execution, as the Queen herself affected to sollicit the completion of it.

The model took time in making: but when it was brought under the King's eye for approbation, Patiño who was his first minister having been entrusted by the Queen with her secret, and resolved

to stick by her, represented to the King, that Juvara had contrived an habitation too small for a monarch of Spain to live in, and insisted upon the architect's giving a plan more proportionate to the grandeur of its future inhabitants.

Philip was the dupe of Patiño's flattering objection, especially as the Queen declared for the same opinion; nor was Juvara himself much displeased when he heard it was their Majesties intention that he should go to the utmost of his powers, and think of a house more proportionate both to his own abilities and the King's treasures.

Within three years Juvara produced another model, so very grand, that he was sure no objection could be raised against it either on account of its size or its magnificence; and he had the momentary satisfaction to hear himself much praised by the whole court for the greatness of his ideas. But on his delivering the calculation of the expence which the building would

would require, amounting to more than thirty millions sterling, the Queen and her confidant raised the obvious objection, that the King's finances could not reach so high. The poor architect was therefore ordered to think of a third plan that kept equidistant from the littleness of the first and the greatness of the second.

To remonstrate against this decision had been perfectly absurd: but while he was busy about it, the war broke out that had been long hatching, the Spanish doubloons began to flow fast into Italy, and Juvara with his plans were of course neglected. Scarcely was he suffered to open his lips about building when he appeared at court, and Patiño in particular raised so many difficulties whenever he dared to show any of his drawings to the King, that at last he died broken-hearted, probably to the great satisfaction of the crafty minister who had long spirited him up to be very grand in his second model.

Soon after Juvara's death, the King, who was really in earnest about having a palace, enquired whether Juvara had left behind any disciples capable to make use of the designs of their master. The King of Sardinia had two; that is, Sacchetti and our father. Sacchetti being reckoned the best, was sent to Spain, where he made the model of this present palace, which was approved of, as the war was approaching to its end. The impatient King would have it begun in spight of several difficulties raised by his minister; yet the continuance of the war made it be carried on so very leisurely, as if the intention had been to have no palace at all. However, as soon as the peace was concluded, the Queen herself pushed on the work at such a rate, that Sacchetti had the satisfaction to see it advance very fast. He is still alive, but so old and infirm, that I fear I shall quit this town [without seeing him, as no body is now

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admitted by the side of that bed to which he has long been confined. Within five or six years at most, the palace will be entirely finished, and fit to receive its royal guest with all his family.

This anecdote would probably have been buried in perpetual silence, had not the present King told it himself in a fit of good humour to some of his attendants, the first time he went to see the palace after his return from Naples: and I think it singular enough to deserve a place in this letter, as it sets off the long reach of Queen Elizabeth's politicks, the craftiness of a statesman, and the simple credulity of a celebrated artist.

To give you now an accurate description of Sacchetti's huge work, is what I cannot even attempt. It is enough to say, that its form is exactly quadrangular, and each of the four fronts very near alike. The first floor has twenty one windows in each front. It has a large regular square before, and a spacious

field behind. One of its sides is turned towards the town, and the opposite has an extensive prospect of the country, which it overlooks even from the lowest windows, as it stands on an eminence about pistol-shot from the river Manzanares. It is composed of three stories under-ground, and five above-ground. The rooms (or cellars) of the lower story under-ground are so cold, that I did not chuse to visit many of them. I thought myself in an ice-house. They say that the whole of that lower story is to serve as a repository of the eatables. The kitchens will take up the story over it; and over the kitchens all the people employed in them will be lodged.

Those three stories are so well contrived, that even the lowermost is not totally deprived of light. But its great depth renders it so damp, that, though it is very cold, they say it breeds abundance of scorpions and spiders, and even many insects never known before in the king-

kingdom; which will make the whole story (a) be filled up.

As to the apartments over the kitchens-story, they are so lofty and so well lighted, that they seem intended for much higher persons than cooks and scullions. I have not counted the steps from the ground-floor to the bottom of that wonderous subterranean; but there are so many, that the fatigue of coming up was far from inconsiderable.

If the underground apartments are grand, you may easily think that those above-ground cannot be mean. Those on the ground-floor are already inhabited by some of the great officers at court. The King's apartments are over those of the great officers. The King's brother and children will be lodged in the third story, and the fourth and fifth occupied by their attendants.

(a) They did so not long after the date of this letter.

As none of the four upper stories is as yet intirely finished, but all are encumbered with the scaffolds, materials, and tools of seven hundred workmen daily employed in them, I could see nothing so distinctly as to receive much satisfaction from the inspection : but this I could easily comprehend upon a cursory view, that when the whole shall be compleated, the king of Spain will be at least as magnificently lodged as any monarch in Europe, especially if the two wings are continued that shall enclose the square court before the palace.

Several of the rooms and halls of the King's apartments will then have their ceilings painted, some by two Italians called *Corrado* and *Tiepolo*, some by a German called *Mengs*, some by a Frenchman called *Bayeu*, and some by a Spaniard called *Velasquez*. Emulation, it is to be supposed, has made them all do their best. In my private opinion, *Corrado's*

rado's invention is more fanciful and va-
rious than that of the rest: but Mengs is
by far the best painter, as his invention
is not much inferior to Corrado's, his
design much more correct, and his
colouring quite magick. The King
thinks him the greatest painter of the age;
and as His Majesty has been from his
infancy used to live in apartments rich in
pictures of the best kind, his opinion must
certainly carry a great weight, what-
ever contempt some cynicks may affect
for the connoisseurship of a King. Some
other of those cielings are to be orna-
mented with various carvings, gildings,
and stucco's, and some other still in
other manners. But, as I said, every
thing is at present in the utmost confu-
sion, as nothing is yet perfectly finished.

Several of the room-walls, especially in the King's apartments, are encrusted with various kinds of Spanish marbles. Those brought from Andalusia in particular, take a most surprising polish, and look

look as beautiful as any antique marbles.

It would be endless to speak of the variety and beauty of the flowers, some composed by curious assemblages of several Indian woods, some by a great variety of the most singular stones and marbles that Spain and Italy can afford.

But besides the rich furniture destined to each of the royal apartments, some pieces of which are already placed, the King is possessed of an immense collection of Italian and Flemish pictures, part of which is intended for those apartments. I was shown some *Raphael's*, *Titian's*, *Giordano's*, *Vandike's*, and *Rubens's*, that are astonishingly fine and well preserved, besides some old *Velasquez's* and *Murillo's*, justly held in the highest estimation. It is to be hoped, when the palace is perfectly finished and furnished, that the King will order a catalogue and description of them, along with the plan and elevation of this magnificent fabrick, for the farther advancement of the polite arts,

arts, and the satisfaction of those who love them.

What struck me most there, was the entrance at the great gate, and the royal chapel. That entrance, supported by a good number of lofty stone-pillars, has been contrived after the Italian and not after the French manner. I mean that the King, when coming home, will alight from his coach under cover, which is what the King of France cannot do at Versailles, where he must alight in the open air, and be wet for a moment in rainy weather.

As to the royal chapel it will likewise be much finer than that at Versailles. No cost has been spared to make it the richest thing in the world : yet its richness does not take from its elegance. Masses are already celebrated in it. But it startled me a little to read in a label over the door, *Oy se saca anima*; that is, *To-day a soul is drawn out of purgatory*, meaning that a privileged mass is celebrated

brated there, which is to bring about such a wonderful deliverance. I have not forgot in ten years of English life what the effect is of papal indulgencies, but have never observed our priests in Italy to be so peremptory on this subject, as that inscription comes to. Since the Spanish priests are so positive about the power of some particular masses said in this chapel, the King would do well to keep them constantly employed in that good work, and force them to empty that excruciating place as fast as it fills.

The sacristy belonging to the chapel is likewise very fine and already decorated with several of the best pictures that ever our best masters painted.

As I seemed surprised at the vast number of the Italian and Flemish chef-d'oeuvres possessed by this King, Don Felix informed me that a great many of them had been successively brought over in former times by the Spanish Viceroy's of Naples and the Governors of Flanders and

and Milan, who generally took care when in those employments to collect as many as they could.

This accounts very well for their surprising number. The greatest part of those pictures fell one after another into the hands of the successive Kings, and so many of them are now in Spain, that, were they all collected together in a suitable place, the galleries of Orleans and Luxembourg at Paris would be no great matter in comparison. Nor must I forget that in this King's collection there are some, which belonged to the unfortunate Charles I. of England, vilely sold to Spain by his rebellious subjects.

Besides those many pictures that were brought over by those Governors and Viceroy's, and those bought from the English, the emperor Charles V. called over to Spain the illustrious *Titian*, who left both in Madrid and the Escorial still greater works than those he left at Venice. Then *Jacopo Bassano*, *Giovanni of Bergamo*,

Bergamo, Jacopo Trezzo, the two Leoni's of Milan, Lucchetto of Genoa, Pellegrini of Bologna, Zuccaro of Urbino, Luca Giordano, and several others, who resided long in Spain during the reigns of three successive Philips, have left numberless performances at Madrid, the Escorial, Aranjuez, St. Idefonso, and other parts of this kingdom.

In the organ-place of the royal chapel there are seventy different missals, which contain whatever is sung there throughout the year by the numerous band of the King's musicians. Those missals are all as large as the largest atlas's, their leaves of vellum, all nobly bound, and rolling on brass-pulleys fixed to their bottoms, that they may easily be taken out of their shelves and replaced.

But what is surprising in the greatest part of them, are the miniatures round many of the margins of their leaves. Those painted by *Don Luis Melendez* especially, are superior to any thing of

that kind. I gazed over several of them with admiration. The man is still alive : but king Ferdinand and queen Barbara, who kept him long employed in that work, forgot to make any provision for him, and I am told that he lives now in poverty and obscurity. Indeed, it is great pity if this is true ! So excellent an artist would have made a great fortune in England, and in a little time.

The court-yard of the palace, environed by a very grand portico, is so very wide, that fifty coaches might wheel together in it without much obstructing each other. On the outside of the great gate, and along the chief front of the edifice, there are placed on high pedestals eight pedestrian statues, some of which represent those amongst the antient Roman emperors who were natives of Spain. These statues are of that size that sculptors call *heroical*. Not being gigantic enough in the opinion of the King, and disproportionate to the palace,

palace, I am told that his Majesty has already ordered to have (a) them taken away.

Having spent about four hours in my visit to this royal palace, I went to pay my respects to my other friend, the British consul-general, whom I had likewise apprised last night of my arrival, and conversed two hours with him, chiefly about the present state of literature in this kingdom, with which I want to bring myself a little acquainted, but shall not have time enough to do it. Then, after a tour in Don Felix's coach through several fine but nasty streets, which encreased much my head-ake and destroyed my appetite, I went to eat his Spanish victuals. We were five at dinner; that is, Don Felix, one of his younger brothers who is an officer, two other Spanish gentlemen, and myself. The

(a) This was effected not long after the date of this letter.

table-talk ran on the royal palace and the present war. As to the palace we were soon of a mind, that it will be one of the grandest things in Europe when it is finished ; and with regard to the war, none of them seemed much inclined to the French side, but hoped that the court of France would never succeed in their efforts to bring them into it, now especially that the English have been long victorious both in Germany and at sea. Don Felix who has been in England eleven years in a public character, and is as well acquainted with its force as any of the King's ministers, cannot bear the thoughts of going to war with it, though sufficiently provoked by the insolence, as he calls it, of some English minister who has been bullying them long with contemptuous speeches in parliament, besides the intolerable abuse of some English scribblers poured upon the Spanish nation on occasion of a French ship taken by an English privateer in sight of the Spanish coast,

which the magistrates of Spain declared to be an illegal capture. We have been more than once provoked by the English both in Europe and America, says Don Felix: yet I think we ought to keep our peace for the present. The French navy is very near destroyed, and it is a jest to say that ours alone can cope with that of England. This is his opinion: yet he freely owns, that his influence in the King's council is below nothing, though he is a *Consejero de guerra* (*a member of the council of war*), and he is still persuaded that other notions (a) will prevail.

But let us drop politicks. At the end of this letter, and for the use of a certain housewife at home, I will write down the receipt of one of the dishes we had at dinner. It was almost the only one I could touch; not out of any distaste to

(a) *This was the case soon after, which proved very detrimental to Spain, and of no advantage to France.*

the genuine Spanish cookery, which I think as good as any by the specimen I had of it to-day, but because my stomach was much disordered by the horrible filthiness I had seen again, and the stink I had again collected in my nostrils. I see plainly that I shall neither enjoy good viuctuals nor good company in this town, and will be gone as soon as I can. It is impossible to yield to the sollicitations of my two friends, who would have me keep up to my original plan of stopping here a full month. That stink is insupportable.

When the table-cloth was removed, we did not amuse ourselves with circulating the bottle after the English manner, but drank a dish of coffee, and upon that a dram of *maraschino*: then leaving our table-companions to contrive a solid peace between the belligerant powers, Don Felix took me to some of his relations, to whom last night, on receiving my note, he had promised my acquaintance. They

all received me in such a manner, as to make me give up at once my old notion, that the Spaniards were a grave, over-civil, and reserved people. As soon as the first compliments were over, both men and ladies talked round with much volubility and sprightliness, and seemed to consider me at once as an old acquaintance. Another of my notions was, that the Spaniards are jealous; but about thirty ladies whom I saw to-night at a *Tertulia*, behaved with such alertness, spoke and were spoken to with such an unconcernedness by every man there, that I cannot foster any longer that notion neither. That there are Spaniards subject to the passion of jealousy, is probable; but that it is one of their characteristicks to be subject to it, I have seen already enough of them to contradict it. I am confident that you will be of my mind on reading the following account of the *Tertulia* at which I have assisted to night.

It is a custom amongst the Spanish ladies to have their friends at their houses several times every month, some oftener, and some seldomer.

When a lady intends this, she sends notice to her female acquaintance that on such a night she shall have a *Tertulia*. The notice implies an invitation. She that receives such a message, fails not to tell her male-acquaintance that on such a night she shall be at such a *Tertulia*, and this likewise implies an invitation. A cousin to Don Felix had the goodness to explain to me this piece of Spanish manners, as we both attended her at a *Tertulia*.

On our alighting out of her coach I could not help observing, that the gate of the lady's house where she carried us, was wide open, and no porter or any body there to guard it, as is usual in England at every door you intend to enter. Two servants who rode behind her coach with flambeaux, lighted us up a

large stair-case. The master of the house received us at the door of his first apartment, handed our lady to the room where his wife was with those of her female acquaintance that had got thither before us; and having seen her in, came back to us to pay me such civilities as are generally used to strangers.

The room where Don Felix and I were introduced, was full of gentlemen almost all in laced coats. Some stood, some sat, some talked, and some gazed, as it happens in large companies. Half an hour after, several servants who had waited on the ladies in the mistress's chamber with rinfresco's, brought some to us. The ceremony of serving them was this. A footman first put a silver-plate into the hands of each man present; then another presented silver cup-boards loaded with biscuits made of sugar after a manner I never saw elsewhere. They are full of hollows like a sponge, and extremely light. Each of us took one along with a glass of lemonade,

lemonade, and brought it to our plate: then dipping it into the lemonade, in which it instantly dissolved, drank the lemonade out. Chocolate then was distributed round, which being drank, the servants came for the empty dishes and the silver-plates.

We then continued in conversation for another half hour; when, behold! The lady of the house comes out of her room followed by all the ladies she had with her. We formed ourselves in two rows one on each side of them. As the lady went by me, her husband presented me to her as a stranger, which procured me a chearful smile and some very pretty words.

None of the ladies went by but had something respectful or affectionate said to her by some man or other, and their answers ran in the same strain. At the end of the room in which we were, there was another, where the ladies entered pell-mell, without making the least cere-

mony at the door, but the nearest getting in directly, whether young or old, married or unmarried.

As soon as they were in, we followed, and found them all sitting on the *Estrado*, which is a continued seat that runs round the room close to the wall.

In a corner of that room there was a large table covered with as many dishes as it could hold, filled with various eatables. A large Perigord-pasty in the middle, a couple of roasted Turkeys on the sides of the pastry, with hams, fowls, game, sausages, fallads, *caparrones* (a kind of capers as big as filberts), *zebrero* (a kind of cheese from the kingdom of Galicia) &c. &c. In short this was a cold collation no less plentiful than elegant.

The master with the help of some of the company, all standing, quickly fell a carving, while the remainder of us snatched napkins out of a heap of them that was on another table, ran to spread them on the ladies knees; then went back

back for plates, knives, and forks; placed them on their napkins; then went to get such victuals as they bid us to get; then stooping or kneeling by them while they were eating, amused them as well as we could, saying what came uppermost, with such hilarity and pleasantness, that I never was present at any scene more delightful.

Amongst so many ladies you may easily imagine that some there were, who had neither youth nor beauty. Yet none had reason to lament the absence of either, as they were all served without the least apparent predilection, which I thought a very remarkable piece of Spanish politeness. No servant meddled with them during that kind of supper. They all ate heartily, and the greatest part drank water.

The merry meal being ended (and a merry one it was) they all got up, and, still following the lady of the house, went out of that room into a much larger, leaving

ing us all behind. They were no sooner gone, that we fell on the remnants with a chearfulness no where to be met with but in this country. The most jolly set of Venetians would have appeared grave in comparison of my Spaniards at the *Tertulia*.

The rule is to have a concert after supper, partly composed of hired musicians, and partly of the gentlemen who can blow or finger any instrument. Some of the ladies would also have sung, and a ball would have followed, as the constituent parts of a *Tertulia* are the supper, the concert, and the ball. But as the Queen is just dead, musick and dancing were forborn, and recourse had to cards to consume the evening. Several card-tables were placed in the room, and we played at *Manilia*, a fashionable game here, not unlike *Quadrille*. The lady of the house did me the honour, as a stranger to chuse me for her partner, and laughed prettily off a few blunders I committed as

a novice at that game. But, as far as I could see, neither ladies nor gentlemen minded much their cards, the Spaniards delighting much more in talking than in playing. No card-money was put under the candlestick, as there is no such custom in this town.

About eleven the company began to steal away *alla Spagnuola*, as we say in Italy; that is, without giving the least warning of their going either to the master or mistress of the house. It was twelve when Don Felix sat me down at my *Locanda* with a promise to call again early on me to-morrow morning. Here you have

A RECEIPT to dress ARRÓZ *a la Valenciana*; that is, RICE after the manner of Valencia.

Take pigs'-feet, mutton-trotters, bacon, new sausages and hogs-blood-puddings. Boil all together so long, that the bones be easily taken off. Cut the whole into small pieces.

Boil

Boil rice in the broth made by these ingredients, throwing two pinches of saffron in it while boiling. When the rice is half done, take it off the fire, strain it lightly, put it into a stewing-pan, throw the above things into it, reddening the whole with the yolks of two or three eggs. Leave then the pan to simmer for about half an hour, not over, but under a brisk charcoal-fire.

LETTER LVI.

Churches, convents, nunneries, hospitals, Queen Barbara's chief passions. Basquiña and Mantilla. Capas and Sombreros. Santa Hermandad. Lists of prohibited books.

Madrid, Oct. 9, 1760.

TH E proportion of towns considered, there are no where, except at Rome, so many monuments of christian piety, as in Madrid.

Besides twelve parochial, we find here more than a hundred churches, many public chapels and oratories, forty con-

convents, thirty nunneries, ten colleges or seminaries for the education of the youth of both sexes, and seventeen hospitals.

That this metropolis might be very religious though the number of such edifices was smaller, I will easily allow. I will even take it for granted, that many of them were raised by the hand of superstition, which is one of the most common reproaches that protestants, especially those of the calvinist communion, make to the roman catholics. But while they find fault with an unnecessary multiplicity of places of worship amongst us, let them recollect, that out of the many sacred edifices to be seen in this town, that same hand of superstition has destined five hospitals to the relief of as many foreign nations; that is, the Italian, French, Portuguese, Flemish, and Irish, under which last denomination English and Scots are included. Surely the Spaniards are intitled to some degree of respect

spect from all, whether calvinists or not, on account of that extensive benevolence which made them erect asylums to strangers distressed by poverty and afflicted with disease. It may be that policy as well as superstition contributed a share towards the building of those five hospitals. But in what country shall we find the actions of men entirely defecated from human weakness and human vices ?

I have spent the whole of this day in visiting several of those edifices, that I might form an idea of the Spanish munificence on this particular.

The *general hospital for men*, as they call it, contains no less than fifteen hundred iron-beds, which are distributed through several large rooms and long galleries. It is a rule here to receive every body that comes at any hour of the day or the night ; nor is any sollicitation required to admittance : nay, there are porters belonging to the hospital, whose only duty it is to be always ready to go and

and fetch whatever sick person sends for them. There is also a physician, constantly attending at the grand gate, who enquires after the complaint of any man that comes, and orders him up to the room or gallery assigned to his disease.

As I stood at that gate, an old man was brought thither in a kind of covered sedan. The physician uncovered him, and asked him this plain question. *Tiene usted gálico?* “Are you poxed, sir?” It surprized me a little to hear the shameless sexagenarian answer in the affirmative with the clearest tone of voice and the greatest tranquillity of countenance. I have already had several opportunities to observe, that the Spaniards are in general less bashful than the English by many degrees.

Wandering about the apartments of the sick, I could not but take notice of their great cleanness. I wish the Spaniards would take as much care of their metropolis as they do of their chief hospital.

My head-ach would not then be incessant, as it has been ever since I entered at the Toledo-gate.

I enquired of several sick men about the treatment they receive, and was pleased with their answers. Amongst the several articles of their maintenance, each man is allowed every morning by way of breakfast a large dish of chocolate, together with a slice of bread or a sweet biscuit. This I thought a remarkable singularity. Nor are they stinted in point of food when they begin to recover, except the physicians be very positive in their orders to the contrary.

It is not the custom here to support any hospital by voluntary contributions, incessantly collected from the people as they do in England. Here each hospital has an income arising from lands and other kinds of property. In England it is actually the fashion amongst the better sort to contribute towards the maintenance of hospitals, many of which have been

been but lately erected, and erected by the same means that are employed to support them. Those who have disbursed most money towards the building of them, as well as those who give most money towards their maintenance, may have, if they chuse, the direction of them, and the inspection over their welfare, together with the privilege of recommending patients to admittance. Nothing of this is practised in Madrid. Fashion may here undergo any vicissitude, and charity grow hotter or colder. Never will the change affect these hospitals. Various (*a*) *Confradias* have an eye over them. Some of their members visit them by turns, take care that they be kept in their usual order, and that no sick person may have reason to complain of neglect or ill-usage from the hospital-attendants. The chief

(*a*) A *Confradia* in Spain, like a *Confraternita* in Italy, is an union of *Parishioners* of the higher rank, who contribute both with money and attendance to the advancement of religious purposes in their respective parishes.

noblemen and gentlemen do not disdain to be members of those *Confradias*, to audit the accounts of this and that hospital (generally without the intervention of government,) and to mind that no part of their income be embezzled or mismanaged. The church grants some indulgencies to those who attend to such sorts of pious deeds, and it seems this is all the recompence they care to have for their trouble.

Amongst those *Confradias* there is one called *La Santa Hermandad* “*the Holy Brotherhood*,” or more commonly *La Confradia de Pan y Huevos*, “*the brotherhood of bread and eggs*.” A number of its members, headed by some considerable man (not seldom a grandee) ramble about the streets of this town during the first part of every night, in order to collect the houseless poor of both sexes, who lay themselves down to sleep under the porches of churches, or the entrances of houses. The *Santa Hermandad* take up all

all those whom they find in this distressful condition, carry them to some hospital to sleep, and give them the next morning a penny loaf with a couple of eggs by way of breakfast; from which practice is derived their appellation: then, if those poor are in health, they are dismissed, or kept to be cured when they happen to be diseased. I wish something of this kind might be established in London, where the houseless poor are pretty numerous.

You may easily imagine that the above-mentioned *general hospital* is endowed with a very considerable revenue. They say that it amounts to forty thousand doubloons, which makes up no less than thirty thousand pounds sterling. Amongst its attendants there are many friars of the order called *De San Juan de Dios*. A very proper employment for a set of men, who profess a total disregard for the vanities of this world. It would possibly not be amiss, were the greatest part of

our friars incorporated in that order, and forced by institution into the service of the sick in our hospitals. Their time would thus be much better employed, than in beating their bare backs on a scaffold in the time of (*a*) mission.

It is said in *Madam D'Aunoy's travels through Spain*, that every bastard brought up in the foundling-hospital at Madrid, is looked upon as a gentleman by the Spanish law. This assertion the authors of the *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique* have credulously repeated. But the fact is not true; and a bastard is as much a bastard in Madrid as any where else. No nobility, nor any other kind of honour is conferred by law upon any poor creature

(*a*) *A mission consists of some friars going by order of their superiors to this and that place to convert the people, as they call it. Upon these occasions they erect scaffolds in the midst of squares and other open places, and there they inveigh with a furious tone of voice against sinners, beating themselves the while until their blood trickles down their bare backs to enforce their declamations. These missions have been forbidden in several parts of Italy within these few years.*

brought up as a foundling in that hospital. How those learned gentlemen could rest upon so slender an authority a fact of so singular a nature, is pretty surprising.

As to the churches in Madrid, they are in general not so grand as I expected to find them in a country so much renowned for the piety of its inhabitants. The greatest part are oddly decorated with thousands of things that are not admitted to adorn churches in other countries. Their walls are generally covered with small and artless works of the pencil and the chissel, distributed as chance directed, or at least without much order or symmetry. In that which belongs to the *Padres de la Merced*, there is a kind of large drawer, which contains various toys and baubles that were gifts from people who have repented their attachment to trifles, and made a sacrifice of them to a little waxen Saviour shut up in that drawer. Amongst the contents of it, there is a large fragment of a sugar-cake,

that was presented (they tell you) by a lady who thought herself too fond of sweet-meats, and a muslin-apron given by another who caught herself in a fit of pride the first time she put it on. Both ladies fell upon the expedient of such offerings, in order to chastise themselves for their unruly vanities. I could easily give you many other instances of this minute species of Spanish devotion, which here is very common in women, and not rare in men. I wonder the methodists of England have not yet adopted this practice in consequence of their rigid notions of christian mortification.

The grandest church in Madrid is that which belongs to the *Monjas Salesas* “*the Salesian Nuns.*” That church, together with its fine nunnery, was built by Queen Barbara, remarkable for little else than her love of musick and her devotion. Her love of musick made her to give little less than four thousand pounds sterling a year to the celebrated *Farinelli*, who

who was her most constant favourite during a good number of years, and to whom, amongst other things, she bequeathed all her musical instruments and vast collection of musick, the greatest perhaps that ever was in the world. Amongst her tutelary saints, of whom she had chosen a large number, the most beloved was *St. Francis de Sales*, commonly styled *the Holy Bishop of Geneva*, though the Genoese never acknowledged him for their bishop. To honour this second favourite, Queen Barbara, about the year 1748, laid out several thousand doul-loons in that church and nunnery, both dedicated to his name. She then called over from *Annecy* (a small town in Savoy) a few of those women who follow the institution of that saint, and put them in possession of both edifices, endeavouring ever after to augment their sisterhood with Spanish recruits. Those Savoyard Nuns (two of whom are still alive) cooperated so well with her, by enticing

girls to be of their number, that the nunnery has at present near thirty inhabitants, though no plebeian female is admitted amongst them. The income settled upon them by that Queen, is somewhat encreased by their receiving boarders, who are all young ladies of quality. The nuns teach them to read, write, work, and pray; but, above all, to believe that St. Francis De Sales is the greatest saint in heaven, and the most beloved by the blessed virgin.

Queen Barbara had an apartment in that nunnery, where she intended to retire in case she should survive her husband. But her intention did not take effect, as she died before him. Her remains however were not carried to the Escorial, where all those of the Royal Family are sent, but were deposited in that church, along with her husband's in a stately monument.

The Salesian is the only temple in Madrid, the ornaments of which are neither
over-

over-numerous, nor childish. The altars in it are not, as in all other churches, adorned with little nosegays of natural or artificial flowers, nor is it hung with pretty cages of canary-birds, that keep chirping the whole day long, to the great diversion of those who go to hear masses in the morning, or take benedictions in the evening. There are many costly decorations in that church. The most remarkable, besides the royal monument, is a silver lamp hanging by three long silver-chains before the great altar, which lamp and chains weigh *fourteen arrobas*; that is, three hundred and fifty pounds. The three pictures over its three altars, are by three modern painters; that is, *Velasquez* of Madrid, *Signaroli* of Verona, and *Franceschiello* of Naples.

The nuns showed me in the sacristy some surplices for the mass-priests, that are made of the finest Flanders-lace. Each surplice, they say, has cost above a thousand ducats, and I can easily believe

lieve it. They showed me besides several chalices, crosses, ostensories, pixes, and vases, ornamented with so many diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other jewels, as to raise astonishment even in those who have seen the richest pieces at Loretto. Many fine pictures and costly ornaments have I seen also in the church that belongs to the Jesuits.

There are neither pews, benches, nor chairs in the churches at Madrid. At least I saw none in those that I entered. Their floors are covered with straw-mats, upon which men and women kneel promiscuously, and without any distinction of place, whether they be grandes or coblers, dutchesses or washerwomen. The men will often stand during the mass, but the women sit negligently on their own heels the greatest part of the time they pass at church, holding their rosaries in their hands, telling their beads with a whispering voice and a most rapid motion of their lips. I wonder how any body

body can keep up a devout recollection amidst that general hissing, often accompanied by the chirping of the canary-birds.

Women of all ranks wear their rosaries in their hands whenever they go to church, and always in such manner that every body may see them. They are a part of their church-dress. I am told that it is customary, amongst the lower ranks, for the young men to present fine rosaries to their sweet-hearts. Women of whatever condition never go to church but with the *basquiña* and the *mantilla* on. The *basquiña* is a black petticoat, commonly of silk, which covers their gowns from the waist down, and the *mantilla* is a muslin or cambrick veil that hides their heads and the upper part of their bodies. If they do not turn up their veils, as some of them will do both at church and in the streets, it is difficult, if not impossible, even for husbands to know their wives.

With regard to the men, a gentleman generally dresses after the French manner, wearing his hat under his arm, as they do in France. But the lower class wrap themselves up to the eyes in their *capas*, which are brown cloaks that reach down to the ground. The grandeses themselves will sometimes wear (*a*) those ugly *capas* by way of disguise. He who wears a *capa*, wears also his hair concealed under a cotton-cap, or a silk net, and the *sombrero* over; that is, a hat with the flaps down. But as no man is allowed to enter a church, except bare-headed, it is no less indecent than ridiculous to see a number of them come out of a church, and under the porch or gate of it busy themselves in tying up those nets they had put in their pockets

(*a*) Since the date of this letter the King has prohibited to wear in Madrid the flapped hats, so that the best sort have totally left off such a disguise.

as they went in, which the greatest part of them wear until they are offensively greasy.

It is notorious that the King hates to see a man wrapped up in a wide cloak with a flapped hat. But his people seem to care but little for his majesty's disapprobation of their unsightly dress, and meet his eyes thus accoutréed with the greatest unconcernedness. Such is the force of inveterate customs, that they cannot even be abolished by the frowns of an absolute monarch, who is unwilling to force compliance by a positive command.

On the gates of many churches there are often labels pasted up, that inform the by-goers of what is doing within whenever any thing is done a little more solemn than usual. In one of those labels I read these words written in cubital letters: *Aquí está manifesto el Santissimo Sacramento.* “*Here the most holy sacrament is*

is in view." On another I saw a catalogue of those books which cannot be read without incurring excommunication. It is somewhat odd, that they were all French, and all of that class that cannot do any harm with regard to religion but to the most shallow readers. Few of Voltaire's and Rousseau's works have escaped the catalogue, and I am told that their names are growing no less terrifying in this country, than those of Luther and Calvin. Don Felix d'Abreu, who has lived many years in England, and lost in a good measure the native dread of heterodox books, cannot help disapproving this Spanish method of advertising what is thought to deserve a prohibition. Our grandes, says he, will read all modish French authors in spight of our priests and friars. "The greatest part of them
" do not care a straw for the anathema's
" fulminated against the readers of pro-
" hibited books. Our middling gentry
" are

" are not yet very studious of foreign
 " languages; and as to our common
 " people, they will certainly not trouble
 " their heads about French learning.
 " Our ecclesiastic superiors are therefore
 " egregiously wrong in inviting disobe-
 " dience by their catalogues on the doors
 " of churches, which serve only to make
 " known to all what would otherwise be
 " known but to a few."

There is scarcely a church in this town
 but what can boast of some excellent
 picture. In the sacristy of that which is
 called *Los Recolletos*, there are some
 which a connoisseur would go a hundred
 miles to see, especially a Mary Magda-
 len supporting a dead Christ by *Coreggio*,
 and a Madona with the child by *Raphael*.
 The friar who showed me the sacristy,
 never mentioned the name of Raphael
 without the previous appellation of *di-
 vino*. It made me smile to find, that
 our Italian cant has travelled thus far be-
 yond

yond the Alps. Yet it vexed me to see in the church of the Trinitarians a printed declaration in favour of the Virgin's immaculate conception, that was stuck with a pin in a fine picture attributed to *Luca Giordano.*

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.

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